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"LIBERTY, H[O]LINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER

Sermons.

NO. XXII.

VOICE OF THE STRANGER, THE GUEST FROM HEAVEN.

REVELATION iii. xv. Behold! I stand at the door, and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

This is a voice of heavenly invitation. Its sweet tones come to our ear: God grant that our heart may hear and welcome the promise from heaven.

Do you make inquiry, my hearers, 'Who is he that comes to our borders this morning? Who is he that employs a mode of address so peculiar?'

I return answer to your inquiry: He is a personage of illustrious rank and character, a stranger from a far distant region. He comes publishing righteousness, and he is mighty to save. To some of you he comes, as an intimate friend; to more he is a mere wayside acquaintance; to many, I fear, he is unknown, except by name; but to no individual does he come an enemy. Although a king and the son of a king, he has stood at every, even the humblest door in your parish, and knocked for admittance; and, if you will believe his own declaration, he is here; he has entered this house of Christian worship; and he is now waiting for a welcome at the door of your hearts. Yes, my parishioners, in the power of the spirit, Jesus Christ, the prince of peace, the son of the living God, the Savior of the world, is here,—here in the courts of his Father. Listen to his voice.

1. The first word, with which he condescends to salute you, is BEHOLD. During the period of his ministry, he employed this expression, *lo* or *behold*, to arrest the mind, and prepare it for some important communication. Take the following as examples: If men say to you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: Behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe them not. After being baptized, Jesus went up immediately from the water; and lo! the heavens were opened to John, and he saw the spirit of God descending as a dove, and lighting upon him; and lo! a voice from the heavens, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Behold! the lamb of God, that takes away the sin of the world. Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world.

And with what view does Jesus pronounce this arresting word—*Behold?*

When this heavenly instructer addresses you, my friends, he would not waste his words in air: he demands your heartfelt regard,—your undivided attention,—your unreserved obedience. Does he come from your Maker? You may have the most undoubting confidence, that whatever he declares, is worthy of God who sends him; and worthy of that image of God, the human soul, which he comes to sanctify and to save.

And does He, who is the power of God and the wisdom of God, this morning come to you? Does he, in this hour of sanctuary privilege, claim your homage of mind and heart and soul?

2. O then listen, in the second place, again listen to his voice: Behold! I STAND AT THE DOOR;—at the door of your heart I present myself, a messenger from the Supreme Being.

The Savior, indeed, is invisible. He does not manifest himself with parade, ostentation, magnificence. You cannot exclaim, Lo, here is the grandeur of Christ! or, Lo, there is the grandeur of Christ! Still, in every Christian country, his kingdom of righteousness is near. His word is not in the heavens, that you should say, Who shall ascend that heaven for us, and bring it down, that we may hear and do it? Nor is it beyond the sea, that you should say, Who shall go over that sea, for us, and bring it home, that we may hear and do it? But the word and influence of Jesus are very nigh to you; they are even at the door of your heart, that you may feel and observe them. Blessed are those, who have not seen the Savior, and yet believe and experience his power. All such have his kingdom within them—in the sanctuary, the secret-chamber, of their soul.

And is this friend of man, this redeemer of the enslaved, this very day visiting the world? Does he come to the cabin of the sailor, wandering on the sea? Does he offer him security from the stormy wind and tempest? Does he offer to guide him on the deep, and restore him to his home,—the haven of everlasting peace?—Son of the sea! listen to his voice. Does he, who came to seek and to save the lost, this morning find the lonely dweller in the wilderness? Does he offer to illuminate his cottage with light from heaven? to people his solitude with life, contentment, and holy hope? —Hermit of the woods and the mountain! listen to his voice. Does he mix with the multitudes of the city, offer to preserve them from the seductions of sin, and purify them for holy enjoyments?—Crowds of the city! listen to his voice. Does he now enter the modest assemblies of the village, offer to save you from your sins, to render you victorious over yourselves, and to afford you the joy of his presence on earth,—the glory of salvation beyond the grave? —you that love your homes of the country! listen to his voice. Yes, let the mariner on the ocean, let the inhabitant of the wilderness, let the worshipping crowds of the metropolis, let all in the village assembling to keep holy time—let all listen to the voice of Jesus, the friend of man, the Savior of the world.

And what are the words you receive from his lips?

3 Behold! he exclaims in the third place, I stand at the door, and KNOCK.

Would you ask me the import of this expression—what his *knocking* at the door of your heart implies?—To reconcile you to the divine government, is the grand aim of his mission. From the slumber of unconcern, from the dreams of delusion and death, he comes to awake you—awake you to a perception of your accountability and danger, as well as to a view of your privileges,—your opportunities of securing the peace of God. He entreats you, each and all, to ask yourselves this question:—'The course I have heretofore pursued,—the course I have pursued the present year,—the course I am pursuing the present season,—whither does it lead me? to the promise of salvation, or to the doom of perishing?' By the goodness of God would he draw you, by the terrors of the Lord, the awful visitations of providence, he would urge you, to repentance. By the disclosures of Scripture, he would enlighten you; by mercies he would soften you; by judgments he would alarm you; by the ministration of the word he would animate and persuade you; by conscience, the vice-gerent of God in the soul, he would rouse you to commence the life of a Christian. In this manner, and for these purposes, he is knocking at the door of your hearts.

Yes,—at every heart in this assembly,—every heart, which has not believed the good news of redemption,—at every heart, which remains unchristianized,—the Son of the Highest is this moment soliciting admission. To the young has he come, of both sexes;—to the child of eight or ten; to the youth of twelve or fifteen;—to the young man and maiden of eighteen or twenty. He commands you to remember your Creator. With the dawn, the freshness, the spring-time of your mind, your Maker is most pleased: most welcome does he esteem the bloom and fragrance of your soul. He sees you flourishing in the land of Christian promise; he desires to see you early forming the clusters of Eshcol, the fruits of immortal life, the holy produce of the true vine; and in his name I now proclaim to you: Beloved soul! fresh from the hand of Heaven! awake, arise, admit me, in the spring-morning of your existence. Permit me to become your companion. The sun of righteousness shall illuminate your day of summer and autumn; and in the winter-evening of your departure, I will lift up the mysterious door of eternity, and welcome you to the many mansions of my Father's house.

Again: At the heart of the mature, men and women from twenty to fifty—mature in health and strength—in the meridian of reason, on the summit of intellectual power—at your heart is the guest from heaven knocking for hospitality. He stands at the door; he addresses the highest hopes, the noblest principles of your nature, he is waiting to see the door unclose. 'I came forth from the Mysterious and the Mighty, and I would accompany you to his home. Would you secure a heavenly conductor to glory? Allow me to enter. Would you secure an exemplar, perfect in thought, word, and action? Open the door, and permit me to come in for your imitation. Would you enjoy the calm of the untroubled heart, promises of peace, the assurances of faith, and visions of glory? Open your heart to receive me. Would you attain to the distinction of children of God? Believe on my name, and receive me to the guest-chamber of your souls. All other hope must prove unsubstantial. Your strength must become weakened in the way; your pride of intellect must be humbled in the dust; your grandeur, rank, and worldly possessions must be all powerless to save; the triumph of your high noon of life must be eclipsed in death. But welcome me, the light of the world, to your heart, and your vigor shall be as the days of eternity; your riches shall have a durable influence, a saving efficacy; your fame shall be the favor of the Almighty; the splendor of your moon shall become as the splendor of the meridian sun, and the splendor of your sun shall be sevenfold; Jehovah will be to you an everlasting light, and God himself will be your glory.

Once more the Saviour comes: not to the youthful alone,—not to the mature alone: To the aged, to persons in the decline of life, from fifty to eighty, to ninety, to the most protracted period of human existence, the messenger of the Eternal addresses himself: 'Behold! I stand at your door, and knock. Many years—alas! how many!—have I been soliciting admission, and still I see myself excluded. Ah immortal, and yet perishing soul! swiftly is your day of grace, if not vanished already, fading into night. You remain unblessed, unrenewed by the balm of my gospel. The hour of death is rushing upon you, and the judgment-seat is almost visible. After the unbelief and rebellion of more than half a century, I can hardly expect you to throw open your gates, and admit me to your castle of disloyalty, your strong-hold of criminal habit; still, such is my affection for the human family, I beg you to be merciful to yourselves; I intreat you to accept the pardon of then King of kings, and permit me to come in as your friend and deliverer. For one moment, view your grounds of hope: To anticipate the Christian growth and blessedness of those, who gave me the freshness and friendship of their youth, would be a vain imagination; vain would it be to anticipate the elevation and spirituality of those, who admitted me to their hearts in early maturity: if the stain and stigma of sin are not indelible, its influence, remember, must cause a diminution of enjoyment forever. Still enjoy the assurance, O aged sinners of the gospel! that the allotment of the most undeserving among the saved, is an allotment of glory, honor, and eternal life. Such is the power of faith in me, the power of sincere repentance, the power of holy obedience. Therefore awake, arise, receive me to your homes and your hearts.

4. Here, my friends, you behold, in the fourth place, the miraculous energy of the gospel; I mean the gospel, when it is received into the heart. Receive my sentiment in a more expanded form: You hear the voice of Jesus,—the voice of him, who spake as never man spake. You hear him speak by reason and revelation; by prosperity and adversity; by conscience and the influences of the spirit; by the sunshine of joy and the night of trial; by the privilege of the Sabbath; by the services of the sanctuary; by the ordinances of his religion. You hear the voice of the Son of God, the voice of the stranger from a far-off region, requesting the cordial reception he deserves. You hear, And is this all? Ah rational and accountable beings, believe me, this is not all. You must do more than hear the voice of the stranger. You must arise; you must open your door; you must give him what he most loves—the hand-welcome and the heart-welcome of warm hospitality.

Then will the guest from heaven come in to you; then will he sup with you, but never—never before. Though meek and unassuming, he is not insensible to the grandeur of his office, he is not unconscious of his own worth.—his divine condescension. With the lukewarm, the heartless, the insincere, he disdains to form the slightest intimacy; while with all who love his appearing, all who hail the voice of his coming with ardor,—all who imitate his spotless character,—with all such he forms the indissoluble union of time and eternity. He calls them friends, and he treats them as friends: the principles and promises he has heard from his Father, he delights to make known to them. He shares with them the sweetness of hope, the power of faith, the love of God shed abroad in the heart. His presence cheers them. His example conforms them to his image. His converse enlightens them; refines and elevates them. His spirit transforms, recovers, and sanctifies them for the presence of his God and Father,—their Father and God. In this daily intercourse, this holy communion on earth, he comes in to them, and he sups with them; and thus he prepares them for that nobler intercourse and communion, in which they will sup with him in the kingdom of the redeemed.

This is that stranger, my friends, to whom I made allusion; that stranger, whom I mentioned as having come this morning to your borders and your abodes;—familiar to some, a mere way-side acquaintance to more, unknown to many, and unfriendly to none. This morning do I say? Not this morning alone, but many years, has he granted you the same indulgence; and with what welcome you have greeted him, or with what awful ingratitude and unconcern you have closed your doors and your hearts against him, the Omniscient and your own consciences shall bear witness. Again he proclaims to all who have not received him, and I pray God that his voice may not be unavailing:—Behold! I this morning come to you. I proclaim the glorious news of redemption. If any one hear the inspiring sound,—the jubilee-trumpet of salvation; if any one open his heart to welcome its power; I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he shall sup with me.

Behold, brethren and friends, the immeasurable love of the Father. Behold the mysterious views of infinite wisdom and goodness. Beautifully has it been said, that the greatest stranger in the world, was he who came to save it. He had not where to repose his head. His head was damp with the dew of the mountain; his locks were wet with the drops of night. He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He was smitten of God, smitten unto death. He came to his own countrymen, but they would not receive him. And were there none to hail his coming? Ah! how inspiring that divine voice, which follows! But as many as did receive him, to them he imparted power to become children of God, even to those who believed on his name,—who reposed confidence in his mission. To them he proclaims in heaven: Come, ye blessed of my Father! inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was a stranger, and ye took me in. Glory be ascribed to God! the poor stranger from Nazareth, condemned and mocked in Jerusalem, crucified on Calvary, is no longer such: he comes to us this morning as the Lord of life. We behold him raised, glorified, and highly exalted. We bid him welcome, as the friend of man; we bid him welcome, as a guest from the city of God. Is not our impulse a holy impulse?

I love to recur to the familiar events of our own Society. You all remember that morning, so memorable in the simple annals of our parish, that morning of the twenty-sixth of June, when we welcomed within these favored walls the champion of freedom;—one of that noble army of patriots, who rescued us from oppression, and who achieved our independence. It was a joy even beyond the dream of hope. If I may judge from my own emotion, your hearts glowed with gratitude toward that illustrious visitor; that good old man, who lavished his wealth; who shed the blood of his youth, in the cause of our liberties; and who had crossed the ocean to view the fruit of his valor, toil, and sacrifices. Was it not well, was not the impulse holy, to hail him as one of our deliverers? Was it not well, was not the impulse holy, to thank Heaven, that we were allowed once to worship with that great and good man?—What criminal indifference should we have shown, what heartless insensibility should we have discovered, had we closed the doors, and excluded him from our presence!

Alas, my parishioners, what do we say? are we aware of what we affirm? I fear we are pronouncing our own condemnation. Is it less criminal to exclude from your hearts the great deliverer from death? to disregard the captain of your salvation? Is it less a mark of indifference, heartlessness, and insensibility, to shut out that divine messenger, that messenger from the Most High, who lived a life of poverty, privation, and suffering, and sacrificed his life in the cause of your redemption? For you he bore the scoffs and derision of infuriate men. For you he endured the awful passage of the Kedron, the agony and blood-like drops of Gethsemane. For you his tender and sensitive limbs were nailed to that accursed tree. For you was that heart-rending cry of desertion: My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me! For you the spear pierced his side, and his life-blood sprung gushing from the wound. For you he triumphed over death; he rose in the bloom and freshness of immortal life; he disclosed the dawn of an eternal day; he ascended through the opening heavens; he forever lives to make intercession. Is this the godlike being you would disregard? Is this ransomer from the grave, the friend nearer than a brother,—can this be the guest, whom you forbid entering your doors and your hearts? I cannot believe, that you have viewed these things in the unobscured light of revelation: I cannot believe, that you realize the greatness of your ingratitude and your guilt. Ah, then, once more listen to the heavenly voice of the stranger: Behold! I stand at the avenues of your soul, and I solicit admittance. If any one regard my voice, and open his bosom to receive me, I will come in to him, I will sup with him, on earth, and he shall sup with me in heaven.

Come then, dearly beloved, every sincere Christian, all who have heard the voice of Jesus, and have opened your door to admit him; be it our privilege this morning to feel the power of his presence. We bid him welcome—not at the door of merit or worthiness; not at the beautiful gate of perfect righteousness;—but at the modest and humble portal of a sincere heart, we welcome our master. He promises to be in the midst of us. O blessed assurance to the Christian believer! What sublime composure, what delightful emotion, does his spiritual presence communicate! While La Fayette lives in our hearts; while we reverence and love the great and good of the earth; while we hail across the ocean and in heaven the liberators and benefactors of the human race; may we remember with deeper thankfulness and affection that mighty Deliverer, by whom both the world and the defenders and benefactors of the world, must be saved. Greater love has no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends. If any man loves me, observes the Savior, he will give this proof,—he will observe the requisitions I rejoin: my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and will make our abode with him. O blessed redeemer, lover of the heart, and purifier of the soul! this morning fulfill to us this holy assurance. In very deed, come to us with the Father. Dwell in us forever, the fountain of peace on earth, and the hope of glory in heaven.

PURITY OF INTENTION.

As to know the end distinguishes a man from a beast, so to choose a good end distinguishes a good from an evil man. Hezekiah repeated his good deeds upon his sick bed, and obtained favor of God; but the Pharisee was accounted insolent for doing the same thing; because this man did it to upbraid his brother, the other to obtain a mercy of God. Zacharias questioned with the angel about his message, and was made speechless for his incredulity; but the blessed Virgin Mary questioned too, and was blameless; for she did not enquire after the manner of the thing, but he did not believe the thing itself: he doubted of God's power or the truth of the messenger; but she only of her own capacity. This was it which distinguished the mourning of David from the exclamation of Saul; the confession of Pharaoh from that of Manasses; the tears of Peter from the repentance of Judas. 'For the praise is not in the deed done, but in the manner of its doing. If a man visit his sick friend, and watches at his pillow for charity sake, and because of his own affection, we approve it; but if he does it in hope of legacy, he is a vulture, and only watches for the carcass. The same things are honest and dishonest; the manner of doing them, and the end of the design, makes the separation.'

Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or form to its matter, or the root to the tree, or the sun to the world, or the fountain to a river, or the base to a pillar; for without these the body is a dead trunk, the matter is sluggish, the tree is a block, the world is darkness, the river is quickly dry, the pillar rushes into flatness and ruin; and the action is sinful, or unprofitable and vain. The poor farmer that gave a dish of cold water to Ataxerxes, was rewarded with a golden goblet, and he that gives the same to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, shall have a crown; but if he gives water in despite, when the disciple needs wine or a cordial, his reward shall be to want that water to cool his tongue.—*Jer. Taylor.*

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Extract of a letter from Rev. E. N. Sawtell, one of the foreign chaplains of the American Seamen's Friend Society, to the Committee of the Society in New York:

Havre, June 8, 1837.

You are indeed putting my faith to the test. My spirits sunk within me at getting no remittance by the Utica. To obtain funds here is entirely out of the question, for the prevailing opinion is, that all America has failed, from General Jackson down to the shoe-black. In my letter, by Mr Stoddard, I more than intimated that I must leave, and return to America, and yet how to do it, in the present embarrassed state of the chapel, is a thing that quite puzzles me. My situation is quite unlike that of a broken merchant, who, sometimes, perhaps, out of the fragments of a vast estate, may line his pockets with something to feed his family. For me to stop payment, is to stop eating—and I need not tell you what would be the next stoppage in this stopping process; in all probability it would be that of breathing—quite a serious failure *that*, particularly to a public speaker. Several little occurrences, however, have of late transpired, which encourage me to hope, that in angling about, I may yet catch a fish with money in his mouth.

A few days ago, a hand-cart stopped at my door loaded with chickens, ducks, fish, a turkey, a calf's head and feet—indeed, for variety it bore no small resemblance to Peter's sheet, and I strongly suspect that the same hand that let down the sheet had something to do in this matter. It appears that on the arrival of the Utica, their fresh provisions, which are packed in ice, must be disposed of, and, in their disposal, the officers kindly remembered their chaplain. They have ever manifested a deep interest in the cause of the chapel since I have been here. The Lord be praised, and a thousand thanks to them.

For many months my wardrobe had given ocular demonstration of hard times, and seemed strongly to sympathise with the deranged state of the commercial world. When it became entirely unable to meet its demands, I went to the tailor, and was measured for a new suit, without either the courage to ask him to wait for his pay, or the honesty to tell him he was running a risk. It seems, however, that the American captains (an increased number of whom, I rejoice to say, attended the chapel,) had been noticing the same thing, to wit, that the parson's outer man, to say nothing of the inner, needed a refermation, and intimated to some of my friends, that they would make an attempt upon my person, if they were certain I would take no offence. Being assured that I considered the servant not above his Lord, they very soon called on me, and intimated their wishes, that I would get me a suit of clothes, and that they had the money to pay for them. I told them I was expecting a suit sent in, and had feared they would come before I was prepared to pay for them. Just as they began to count out the money, in came the tailor with the clothes.—Surely, thought I, 'I need to take no thought for my life, what I shall eat, nor for my body, what I shall put on.' But, like the Jews of old, who could murmur with the flesh between their teeth, I soon forgot it—for I was owing several hundred francs of borrowed money, which must be paid on a certain day in the following week, clouds thickened and darkened around me to such a degree, that I lost all faith, and my mind was not a little troubled in my preparations for the Sabbath, and on my way to the chapel, I felt as though a covering of sackcloth would suit me better than my new coat. I found, however, the chapel full of people, and many I knew to be American. I noticed particularly one keen, black-eyed gentleman, who listened just as though he loved the truth. After preaching, he sought an introduction, walked home with me, and called to see me on Monday. I showed him your letter by the Utica; he went out, but returned with a hundred dollars, which he put into my hands, saying, 'If the winds change so as to detain the vessel, I shall have to call for this to pay my tavern bill;' but he who holds the winds in his fist, did not suffer it to change, and that debt, about which I was so faithless and unbelieving, is paid.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

We sometimes lament the extent to which religious differences are carried in our country. Perhaps, we may find consolation in the following remarks made by an intelligent Scotchman who passed two years in Norway.

'Another cause which limits the cultivation of the mental powers is the total absence of religious dissension in the country. A difference of opinion upon religious doctrines among the people is the most powerful stimulus to the human mind to investigate, to obtain knowledge, to exert the mental powers. The spirit of religious controversy adds nothing certainly to their domestic happiness but much to their intelligence, acuteness, desire for education, and value for religion. Scotland and England, without their seceders and dissenters, would have been countries in which the human mind slumbered. A land of universal conformity is necessarily one of universal apathy as to religious matters, or else of gross superstition. It is to expect effect without cause, to expect zeal or enlightened belief without inquiry and opposition, and the collision of mind against mind. There is something of this apathy, and of this superstition, observable in Norway: there is no stimulus awakening men from the passive state of mind produced by an inquiring conformity. Those who maintain that a nation should have but one religious code fixed by law, to the exclusion of all dissent, should look round and see whether there is a sound and true sense of religion in those countries, whether Catholic or Protestant, where the public mind has remained in this state. 'If ignorance be bliss,' it has been said, 'tis folly to be wise.' It is this bliss, and this wisdom, which universal conformity to the doctrines of an established church, either in a nation or parish, will produce.

The almost mechanical arts of reading and writing are certainly diffused very generally in Norway considering its local circumstances, but there its education stops. Books are scarce. The means of obtaining them in the country are difficult, there being no coaches or carriers conveying parcels or goods in all directions. The teachers themselves in the country schools have little opportunity of obtaining information. The plan also which was unfortunately adopted of having one large university, instead of two or three in different places, militates against the diffusion of knowledge in a poor country.'

'I was surprised, on enquiring at the only bookseller's shop for a New Testament in the Norwegian tongue, to find that he kept none. I thought at first he had misunderstood me; but really found that he did not keep any of late years. As he understood German, I asked him how, in a population of 12,000 people, the only bookseller kept no stock of Testaments and Bibles. He said that country bookseller's did not find it answer. As the Bible Society in London had once sent out a stock which was sold much lower than the trade could afford, and it was only after the Society's Bibles were sold that they could get clear of what they had on hand; hence they could not venture to keep any now. It is plain if any benevolent society were to supply a parish with boots and shoes below prime costs, untill all the shoemakers in the parish had turned to other employments, the parish would soon be barefooted, and that they would do more harm than good, unless they had funds to continue the supply forever. This bookseller, a very respectable man, laid no stress upon the circumstance; but simply explained it, as he might have answered any other inquiry about books; and a bookbinder, whom I afterwards saw, gave me the same reason. Men of the first capacity are connected with our Societies for the distribution of the scriptures, and it may well deserve their consideration, whether such distributions may not in the long run do more harm than good.'—*Laing.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

PEACE OUGHT TO BE DISCUSSED BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

The subject of peace, important in itself, and intimately connected with the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind, justly demands the serious attention of every Christian community, and should come before them through the ordinary channels of communication, in such ways as will most speedily bring their views, feelings and habits into strict accordance with the pacific requisitions of the gospel.

The cause of peace involves many points of truth and duty which ought to be settled with as little delay as possible. Whether the gospel is not as applicable to the intercourse of nations as to that of individuals; whether its letter or its spirit will allow us in any way to countenance the war-system; whether it does not utterly condemn the practice of settling international disputes by an appeal to arms; whether a right construction of its precepts would permit individuals or communities to perpetrate, in defence of right or of life, the outrages inseparable from war in any form; whether the whole Christian world have not, by lending their support for so many ages to this system of violence and bloodshed, plunged themselves into deep guilt before God; whether they are not required by the strongest obligations to abolish the system entirely, and substitute a more rational and Christian method of adjusting their difficulties;—these are grave and weighty questions, which must be discussed sooner or later by every Christian community on earth.

It would be long barely to mention the various aspects and bearings of this cause. The waste of property by war; its havoc of human life; its destruction of social and domestic happiness; its fearful multiplication of vice and crime through the world; its baleful influence on agriculture, commerce and manufactures, on all the arts and sciences, on the march of freedom and general improvement, on virtue and religion, on the character of individuals and of nations, on all the interests of mankind for time and eternity;—such topics surely call aloud for the most solemn consideration of every one that loves his God, his country or his species.

But the connection of peace with the spiritual welfare of mankind, demands the most special and speedy attention of Christians. Urgent appeals have very properly been made in behalf of sailors; but of these, I believe, there are not in all Christendom more than half a million, while its standing warriors amount even in peace to three or four millions! Are the souls of sailors more valuable than those of sailors? While we admit the claims of those on board of merchant vessels, shall we deny the claims of those who are wafted on board of war-ships to a returnless exile from the endearments of home, from all the privileges of the gospel, and forced, like galley-slaves, to the work of human butchery as the business of their life? While we give our money, and pour out our prayers and tears for half a million of poor sailors, shall we do nothing, absolutely nothing, for six or eight times as many soldiers in a condition generally more hopeless?

I will not glance at the bearing of this cause on the salvation of our world. Has not war for ages neutralized the gospel more or less in Christian lands, and obstructed its spread and triumph over the earth? Does it not even in peace waste far more treasure and blood than would be requisite under God for the world's conversion? Gordon Hall asked for only 30,000 missionaries to carry on this mighty work; less than the hundredth part of the men employed in a time of peace to sustain the war-system of Christendom! The support of 30,000 missionaries would require only twenty or thirty millions of dollars at most; not more than one fiftieth, if more than a hundredth part of what Christian nations spend for war even in peace!

It is quite too late to say that such a subject shall not be discussed. It must be, it will be, in some way; and I wish to state a few of our reasons for thinking it should come before the public through the columns of existing periodicals.

It would do these very newspapers good, both by increasing the variety of their subjects, and by preventing the rise and competition of other papers expressly devoted to this cause,—a result that can be avoided only by the course for which we plead.

Such a course would be best for the cause, and best for the public at large. It would bring appeals on this subject before the whole community at once, and thus obviate, in a great measure, the misconceptions, prejudices, and injurious excitements, well nigh inseparable from an opposite course. It would elicit truth, and counteract error, and assimilate views, and harmonize feelings, and produce reform without convulsion, and prevent most of those extremes to which any devoted advocate of such a cause, first neglected, then misrepresented, and finally opposed as a sort of monomaniac, would be very likely to go. We aim at conservative reform; but such reform implies the very thing we now ask for.

The public have a right to know what we think, and what we wish to do; and we will let them know, if the conductors of the press will give us a fair opportunity. We gratefully acknowledge the past kindness of the press to this cause. Nearly all the religious papers in the land have opened their columns to appeals in its behalf; and we trust they will ere long pour upon the public mind a ceaseless stream of such facts, arguments, and motives as shall rouse every friend of God and man to this long-neglected, yet momentous theme.

G. C. B.

October 25, 1837.

If a man is not content in the state he is in, he would not be content in any state he would be in.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REASONS WHY A CLERGYMAN SHOULD NOT STUDY THE SCRIPTURES CAREFULLY AND CRITICALLY.

A letter from a very young minister to a very old one, and to all others whom it may concern.

My dear father in the faith.—It is often said to young men, young ministers especially—'Search the Scriptures—they are not only the record of the words of Eternal life, but, like godliness, they are profitable for all things: will give you comfort in distress, uphold when you are weak, encourage when you are faint; give inspiration to your thought, pungency to your preaching, piety to your prayers, and authority to all you say. All this and much more is admitted. 'Yea! who knoweth not this.' I prize the Scriptures as the choicest legacy of all past time, to all time to come. But, my dear Sir, valuable, as they are, useful as the study may be, let me ask you if there is not danger in the study of them, especially in this *critical* study—perhaps the only way of coming at a *knowledge* of their contents?

To me it appears there are many *dangers*, real dangers attending this study, and I beg leave to suggest my fears to you, that so young men may not be led into this snare.

1. It will lead to new opinions, which are always dangerous, as you have often told me, and above all dangerous in matters of Religion. I know other sciences are advancing; some perhaps have passed already through two of the three stages which all must permeate—to wit, *hypothesis, experiment*, and *internal developement*—while the science we have all the most at heart—theology, the science of all sciences, has remained stationary. But is this not accounted for by the fact—that theology partakes so much of the infinite matters it contemplates, that it hath *become* infinite, and is therefore not susceptible of any increase? To me it appears so. Now the critical study of the Scriptures tends to mar the infinite perfection of the present science of theology. Indeed it places it on a level with other sciences, which are improved by casting off all that is erroneous, and adding newly discovered truth; and if this is done, what becomes of the infinite perfection of theology? How shall we then account for its *stationary* character? If it is like other sciences, its strength cannot be to stand still.

2. Again, the critical study of the Bible will lead to doubt upon some matters; which, as you say, is bad upon any subject, and sinful in matters of religion. Why force a young man to encounter all these temptations to things *bad* and even *sinful*, by bidding him search the Scriptures? I confess, reverend father, that while I was *searching the Scriptures*, I could not fail to doubt, that Moses wrote the five books which you ascribe to him. I could not believe that God commanded Abraham to murder his son, that Noah so soon after the creation, could build an ark as big as the Capitol at Washington, and still less that he could get all the beasts to go into it. I have likewise found it difficult to reconcile various things which I read in one part of the Scripture with others in a different part; e.g. that David gave gold and silver to the value of 3,936,525,000 of dollars, towards building the temple, when elsewhere it is said he was poor. I find it hard to believe that all the Books in the old Testament were written by the authors whose names they bear. The book of Daniel, e.g. and the latter part of Isaiah. I find it difficult to see how a Jonah could live three days and three nights in the whale, and still more hard to believe that he could have been spared by mine when he was there. I find it hard tobelieve that Balaam's ass spoke—you will say, that he may have been *inspired*—but without exciting your laughter by speaking of an *inspired ass*, for the subject is too grave for ridicule—I would ask if then he would not have spoken to the point? The Scriptures say God appeared unto Jacob in a dream; critically speaking this must mean that Jacob *dreamed God appeared* to him, but you taught us differently.

3. Again, this critical study leads to wrong notions of inspiration, for it shows us that a *vicious* man is never inspired to teach *virtue*, nor a *foolish* man to impart *wisdom*, but, that, those men accounted the most highly inspired, were, *naturally*, men of a far-reaching intellect, and a mighty grasp of thought. Indeed great powers of mind, or body are called inspiration, if one looks *critically*. This can be proved, my dear sir, from the Hebrew and the Rabbins.

Now, you must be sensible, how great would be the evil wrought by the general prevalence of such opinions even among the clergy: and yet these are not the worst thoughts which forced themselves upon me during a critical study of the Bible: there were doubts upon prophecy, doubts upon miraculous births, which I dare not communicate.

4. I will trouble you with only one remark more. I do not find those clergymen who are the most eminent, and who stand, as far-off models for young men to imitate—have you studied the Scriptures as you advise me to do. If they have, I earnestly entreat them to tell me how they have avoided the rock on which I am going to pieces. Is it not that they content them with standing where their fathers stood, thinking as they thought, in short, of taking their fathers' opinions as they do their landed estates— in 'fee-simple,' forever, 'to have and to hold, for themselves and their heirs'? and this without ever looking into the title to see if it be good? Now if thi is the case how hard is it to lay the burden upon the shoulders of young men! I confess, my dear sir. that I found so many difficulties and dangers attending the study of the Scriptures which you recommend, that I intend to abandon it altogether.

I trust to your kindness to excuse this long letter.—Yours truly. W.

RELIGION.

Religion (says Sir H. Davy,) has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love; and purifies at the same time that it exalts; but it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt: when submission in faith, and humble trust in the divine will, from duties become pleasures—undecaying sources of consolation: then it creates powers which were believed to be extinct, and gives a freshness to the mind which was supposed to have passed away forever.

APPROPRIATE SUPERSCRIPTIONS.

Over the door of the theological chamber of the Theological Seminary at Montaubon, in France, is written the inscription: 'The best theologian is not he who argues best, but he who leads the most pious life, and who is most capable of teaching others the way of salvation.' Over the door of the philosophical chamber are inserted these words; 'Religion is the best of philosophy. What the most skillful philosophers have sought in vain by the most painful effort, Christ has revailed to us clearly and simply.' Over another room are these words: 'There is no true piety without holiness, no true holiness without piety.'—*Gambier Obs.*

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.—NO. 11.

Further extracts from the correspondence of Rev. Mr Huntington.

* * * * The soil about Jacksonville is the finest in the world. I was often reminded, both by it, and by the appearance of the village, (many of the buildings being of brick) of Richmond, K. Y. The village itself is pretty, embosomed as it is, in a multitude of young locust trees, although the rectangular form of the squares and blocks, does give it rather a stiff appearance. Jacksonville is built upon the middle of a small prairie; and is nearly surrounded with woods, at distances varying at from one to two miles. Towards the south, however, there is an opening, through which you may look out upon the open sea of *la grande prairie*. It is delightfully overlooked by the Presbyterian college, one mile distant; the situation of which, reminded me of Round Hill, Northhampton, in our own Bay state. Round Hill, however, is much higher than the gentle swell son which this college stands. But like that, it is situated on the west of the village, and has a wood in the rear. I ascended to the fourth story of the principal building to get a better view; and there met with a member of the Senior class, who informed me, that there were about seventy students in the institution; and that there was a large preparatory class (twenty-odd) who received instruction from the college officers. The building in which I then was, had a wing on each side, in one of which resides the President, and in the other, one of the other officers. The chapel is a much smaller edifice, being of brick like the other, and occupying a position between it and the grove. The space between the college buildings and town, is almost entirely vacant; so that you can take in the grove-embowered village, and the surrounding prairie at a single glance. I assure you the view is enchanting, and only requires water to form a *perfect* landscape.

Coal is used here to a considerable extent, being brought from Apple creek, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, and afforded at the rate of twelve and a half cents a bushel.

I was at first delighted at the sight, but afterwards sorry for the occasion of so many church spires, as I saw here. There are churches of the Episcopal denomination, the Methodists and Baptists and the Old and New Presbyterian Schools, which are now furnishing between them a Congregational society. Besides these, there is a church perhaps more flourishing than either of them, of the Christian denomination. I called on the pastor of this last, one of the Fathers of this now numerous and respectable denomination. He is styled Bishop by his own people; and they recognise those as elders, in the same flock, who have been ordained to administer the word and ordinances, in *that* church, during the absence or indisposition of the Bishop, or in other places as occasion may require. Their preachers commonly labor without any *stipulated* and not unfrequently without *any* salary. He himself, he told me had maintained a large family by the labor of his hands alone, and preached constantly, besides which, he has taught school a great deal, and brought forward many young men for the ministry. There are about thirteen societies of this denomination in the county in which he resides, who are essentially Unitarians; believing in the sirict unity of God and taking the bible alone for their creed. The denomination have located a college at Hanover, Tazewell county, which bids fair to do well. I was told that there are but few of this denomination in Montgomery co., which I sincerely regret; since I should be glad of their co-operation. The people of Jacksonville seem to be more at leasure—more at ease, than the people of any part of the west which I have yet visited. This probably comes of the southern influence. As soon as it drew towards the cool of the P. M. pleasure carriages of various kinds were driven through the streets, and about on the prairie; and social enjoyment seemed the order of the day.

Hillsboro', August 18th, 1837.—Here I am at last through the kindness of our universal Preserver and Guide, at the end of my journey, having passed through about seven degrees of latitude since I left Mackinaw.—I left Jacksonville on Thursday morning of last week, about 11 o'clock P. M, and rode to Macupin Point (forty miles) to breakfast the next morning Here we lay by throngh the day, and as soon as the sun was down, set out again, and arrived here about 2 o'clock on Saturday morning; so that I was nearly a week coming from Peoria. This is because the stage comes from Jacksonville only twice a week and I had to wait there a day and a half.—It was the unmercitul attacks of the large prairie horse flies, that obliged the drivers to cross the praries oply in the night. * * * * * *

It was determined that an attempt should be made to hold a meeting in the unfinished Courthouse, the next day at 4 o'clock, and again in the evening if it should be thought expedient. So having attended meeting in the A. M. I preached at the Court-house in the P. M. though from fatigue and indisposition otherwise, feeling very unfit for service. The seats in the Court house seemed to be all occupied, for there was no other meeting at that hour, in the village; the audience having manifested so much patience, notwithstanding the heat of the weather and their uncomfortable seats, I took leave at the close of the meeting to appoint another, next Sunday at the same place. * * *

Hillsboro' is a small village, but on several accounts interesting and I am pleased with it. It is situated in the heart of a rich agricultural district, and is built upon an elevated and rolling surface, where, but a few years ago there was a heavy growth of timber—chiefly oak. The middle branch of Shoal Creek, separates the town plot from the great Prairie on the north; to which you descend from a high and steep bluff, on this side. A little to the southeast of the village, there is a beautiful swell of land—decidedly a hill, which affords an extensive prospect of the country round. The principal street runs about north and south, descending moderately from the north end, to a ravine quite at the southern extremity. The houses, which are chiefly wooden are not generally remarkable for beauty or convenience. There are however some substantial brick houses. The Academy is a large building, in the style of the Parthenon, with a porch and four fluted pillars in front, situated near the centre of the town plot, but a considerable distance from Main street, and in a yard sufficiently large to ensure the utmost quiet to its inmates, however populous the town may hereafter become. Adjoining the yard on the north, is a shady grove of venerable oaks. The Lyceum, which is now about being begun, and which will be completed this fall, is to occupy the area next adjacent on the South. The principal room on the ground floor, is to be fitted up with desks and seats to accommodate one hundred boys. Above there is an apartment for young ladies, with single desks and seats. It is understood that no pains or expense will be spared in procuring the ablest teachers, in both departments.

As I have now reached head quarters, I trust I shall hear from you without delay. In the mean time you may expect to hear occasionally, as any thing of interest to the mission or to our cause occurs, from your obedient servant and fellow laborer in the gospel,

W. P. H.

A BENEVOLENT PHYSICIAN.

By a paragraph in a recent Vermont Chronicle, we learn that a gentleman of distinguished liberality has been accomplishing some very interesting results in the healing art. He has undertaken the cure of sick libraries, belonging to ministers in poor parishes. He has already administered twenty-five copies of Fuller's Works, complete in two volumes, in neat and substantial binding, to as many patients. The prescription does wonders. There is not a case in which there were not signs of relief as soon as the medicine was administered.

We are happy to hear that the donor is about to try the same experiment with sets of Edwards' Works. We have had a little experience in this matter, and are assured that the last prescription will be no less efficacious than the first. About forty cases of the above named species of ill-health were reported as existing in Vermont; and we take it upon ourselves to say, there are doubtless scores of others where the symptoms are distressing, though no public notoriety has been given to the fact. Indeed we have never known a minister's library that had not ills and aches about it, that needed the attention of some generous friend of the sick. And we proclaim our gladness on the housetops that so munificent a one has appeared in the northern horizon.

We would suggest, in behalf of the afflicted, that many cases of the same disease may be found in old Massachusetts, and we will take the responsibility of furnishing a diploma to any generous applicant for the same, authorizing and encouraging his utmost diligence in this department of the healing art, and comforting him with the assurance that he shall find patients of no lean thankfulness. H.

Boston Recorder.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—The following anecdote is too good to be lost. It shows that notwithstanding all the strictness of our early Fathers in the church, the principle of accommodation was not wholly lost sight of.

The Rev. John Brown was ordained at Cohasset in 1747. There was but one man in the Parish who opposed his settlement. Mr Brown called on the disaffected person and inquired the cause of his opposition. 'I like your person and manners,' said the opposer, 'but your preaching, Sir, I disapprove.' 'Then, replied Mr B. 'we are agreed. My preaching I do not like myself, but how great the folly for you and I to set up our opinion against the whole parish!' The man, I understand was con vincedby this argument, and becamerecohciled to his minister.

Cambridge.

PULPIT ZEAL.

Extract of a Letter from William Cowper, the poet, to his intimate friend, Rev. John Newton.

'No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear perhaps to be poked, though he will growl even under the operation, but if you touch him roughly, he will bite.—There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, and he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks that he is skilfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task he wonders that they are not converted. 'He has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in them of a truth,' he gives them up as reprobate, incorrigible, and lost forever. But a man that loves me, if he sees me in an error will pity me, and endeavor calmly to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily and in much heat and discomposure of spirit. It is not therefore easy to conceive on what ground a Minister can justify a conduct which only proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would certainly strike him if he were not himself deluded.

'A people will always love a Minister, if a Minister seems to love his people: therefore you were beloved at Olney.'

Too Late at Meeting.—In Rev. Mr Dean's History of Scituate, there is the life and character of Rev. Mr Wetherell, who died there in 1684. The following anecdote is given to 'illustrate the manner of conducting his ministry, and, in short, the prevailing manner in those times.' Mr Bryant entered the church after the services had commenced, and Mr Wetherell, at the close of his prayer, thus addressed him: 'Neighbor Bryant, it is to your reproach that you have disturbed the worship by entering late, living as you do within a mile of this place; and especially so, since here is Goody Barstow, who has milked seven cows, made a cheese, and walked to the house of God, in good season.

DISCONTENT.

The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask. 'Ah!' sighed he, 'mine is a hard lot—for ever trotting round and round like a dog, driving away at a hoop.'

'Heigho!' sighed a blacksmith, in one of the late hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed on his anvil—'this is life with a vengeance! melting and frying one's self over a burning fire.'

'Oh that I were a carpenter!' ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lapstone—'here am I, day after day, wearing my soul away in making soles for others; cooped up in this little seven by nine room—heigho!'

'I am sick of this out-door work,' exclaims the carpenter, 'broiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemencies of the weather—if I was only a tailor!'

'This is too bad!' perpetually cries the tailor, 'to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the time—would that mine was a more active life.'

'Last day of grace—banks won't discount—customer's won't pay; what shall I do?' grumbles the merchant. 'I had rather be a truck-horse—a dog—any thing.'

'Happy fellows!' groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry, musty record; 'happy fellow! I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brains on this tedious, vexatious question.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SCENE—A SCHOOL ROOM.

Pupils seated round the room, occupied with needle work. Teacher at a table, at a little distance, with a black-board near, and books and drawings within reach.

Teacher. The summer is passing away, and it is now difficult to find flowers, from the study of which we have derived so much pleasure;—suppose we change the subject of our conversations, and try what interest we shall have in examining shells?

Pupil. I do not like shells—nor I, nor I, say several others. One says, I like to look at pretty ones, but I do not see how they are to be studied like flowers.

T. You once thought the same of Botany, yet you soon learned to class flowers, and you know the separate parts of them and many interesting particulars about various plants, and by giving attention to what I shall read or say to you, it is possible you may be just as learned in conchology.

P. But of what use is it?

T. That you will know as we proceed. At present, I will tell you what I think is the chief end we ought to have in view in making nature our study. I wish first to ask if any of you recollect that our Savior recommends the study of flowers to his disciples.

Several children say at once, 'See the lilies of the field,' &c.

T. Then, what he recommended to them, we shall do well to adopt; and if I can prove to you that the study of shells is as interesting and as useful as that of flowers, I trust you will give me all I require from you,—your attention. You all have shells of your own, or the means of examining those belonging to your friends. I have some—and we are not dependent upon the season for our supplies; they neither fade nor die. If they are beautiful today, tomorrow we see them with undiminished lustre, and the better we become acquainted with their construction, the more inclined we are to view them with delighted wonder.

P. Shall we have as many difficult names to remember as we had in Botany?

T. Those of you who learn Latin, did not find the terms used in Botany difficult to remember or understand; you had better accustom yourselves to think that all knowledge that is worth having, requires some sacrifice on your parts to gain; you must now trust to me that you will never have cause to regret the time you spend in the study of whatever God has made.

'Oh! who that has an eye to see,
A heart to feel, a tongue to bless,
Can ever undelighted be
By nature's magic loveliness.'

A little girl repeated these lines after hearing them once.

T. Jesus knew the hearts of those he was sent to instruct, and by the elegance of his language and the beauty of his similes, we are taught that taste may be combined with piety. When we are reminded that God cares for the lilies, we draw the delightful conclusion that He will care for us; and when our hearts glow with admiration on contemplating his works, we feel that our thoughts are occupied in all that is serious, holy, and important in religion. A wise and good man has said—'Oh, my God! he who does not see thee in thy works, has seen nothing. He who does not confess thy hand in the beautiful productions of this well ordered world, is a stranger to the best affections of the heart; he exists as though he existed not, and his life is no more than a dream.'

P. I never thought that flowers and shells had any thing to do with religion.

T. But if you can think of lovely things in connexion with religion, shall you not love religion better? I have heard sermons lately, so exceedingly beautiful, that the words have come to me like sweet music; all my thoughts have been refined, and spiritualized, and I have felt it a blessing superior to most others, to listen to a preacher of elegant manners and good taste.

P. I do not always understand the sermons I hear.

T. Perhaps not, at present; the wiser you become, the more you will understand and love good preaching. Now, let us speak of the wonders of the deep, deep sea. The animal which lived in this shell, was a soft, little, unprotected mass, liable to be destroyed as soon as it came into being; but God gave it the power to make itself this splendid house, and ornament it, as you see, with rich colors, in graceful patterns. It is composed of a small portion of gelatinous matter mixed with lime.

P. What is gelatinous, and how do people know it?

T. Gelatinous matter is something belonging to the animal, like jelly; it hardens when mixed with lime, and we know it, because some chemists have made experiments upon shells and found the result to be very curious. I will explain one to you. If you take a shell and place it in diluted nitric acid, it will cause the lime to separate from the animal substance: if care be taken, and you have patience to wait some weeks, you will find the animal matter will retain the form of the shell; but it will be reticulated, or like net work, and as fine as a spider's web.

P. How curious! I will try it—will any shell do?

T. I believe any shell will do; some will be longer in the process than others; those which look smooth and glossy, called porcelainous, will take probably six months before the decomposition be complete.

P. Jelly is soft—how can it get to so hard a substance as shell?

T. Many things, which are soft, become hard by being exposed to air: one experiment you may try for yourselves: you know that the white of an egg is liquid; ask your cook to boil an egg for you two or three hours; take the shell off, and you will find the white part quite hard, but opaque; set it in the hot sun, after having extracted the yellow which you find in the middle, and in a few weeks, the white part will become hard, yellow, and transparent, so much like amber that I have heard, that jewellers have been deceived and thought it amber.

P. Oh, I shall like to try that:—can I make an amber necklace?

T. I believe it possible to make an egg necklace. I saw one once, which I was told, was made in the manner I have stated.

P. Are all shells made with lime and jelly.

T. It is not jelly but gelatinous matter. I believe all shells are made of it in different proportions and qualities. Some animals have the power of dissolving their shells and enlarging them as they grow; others throw away an old house, and make a new one, larger, to fit their increased size. One kind of fish, called the Caracal Soldato, or Soldier snail of Carthagena, has no house; he is either too idle, or has not the power to make one, so he takes the deserted shell of the marine Helix; if he finds a shell too small for him, he walks in backwards, and defends himself at the entrance with his formidable claws. If he cannot find an empty shell, he fights for one, and turns some weaker animal out of his dwelling place, which the soldier occupies without knowing he has committed an act of injustice.

P. Soldier shell seems a very good name for it. How do shells become so spotted?

T. Many names are given to suit the character of the animal. The beautiful colors you see on many shells come from the animal. In ancient times, we read that the dog of the Tyrian Hercules caught a shell and broke it with his teeth; his mouth instantly became a brilliant purple. Tyrus, a nymph beloved by Hercules, saw it, and vowed never to smile on her lover again if he did not present her with a dress dyed of this color; to please his lady love, Hercules caught many of these fish and extracted from a vein in each of their necks a few drops of the precious dye. Many interesting stories are told about this imperial purple, which I shall relate to you when we come to the class in conchology, to which the fish belong.

P. Tyrus was rather silly to require a dress of Hercules,—was it true?

T. I cannot be sure of the truth of this story, but I will tell you what is true. The Tyrian purple was used in ancient times to dye the parchment upon which the Bible was written. In the King's Library in Paris is one of these manuscripts; I have seen it, and most splendid it appears; the letters are of gold on purple vellum; it is bound in ivory, and studded with gems of great value. A Bishop who lived in Germany wrote to entreat the Abbess Cadbourga to send him the Epistle of the Apostle St Peter, written in letters of gold upon purple vellum, that, by exhibiting them in preaching he might procure greater honor and veneration for the holy scriptures.

P. If the study of conchology is like this, I shall prefer it to Botany, and should rather study it than some of my lessons:—is it not more useful than Latin or French?

T. The Latin language will be necessary to you in order to assist in understanding the forms made use of in science, and the French is rich in works on natural history. To be able to read in their own glowing language the works of Cuvier, Lamarck and others, will be a rich treat, that will amply repay you for the trouble you think it now to get the grammar.

To study nature in all its various parts is the highest attainment of the human mind; all other knowledge is subservient to this great end.

The trappings of royalty are as nothing when compared to the splendor of nature; and the efforts made by eastern lords and ladies to make themselves accomplished, to be fit to kneel at the feet of their young queens, or kiss the Pope's toe, sink into insignificance, when compared with your higher aim. Queens themselves will bow with admiration and humility before a nation whose youth are putting forth all their energies to become wise, and accomplished, not to bend to human greatness, not to acquire glory, nor power, nor riches, but solely to understand better, and to be brought nearer to their God. Mater.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 4, 1837.

MR DEWEY'S DISCOURSE BEFORE THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

We have undoubtedly consulted the pleasure of our readers in making the following copious extracts from this able performance.

Mr President, and Gentlemen of the Institute:—We have come together this evening, to celebrate the great and noble arts of industry. I cannot say, the humble arts, in deference to popular phraseology; the splendid spectacle of your Annual Fair, would rebuke me if I did so. I confess that it has given me new ideas of what industry can do—of what mind can do with matter. As I have stood in your magnificent hall of exhibition, visions of oriental magnificence—descriptions from the gorgeous page of Milton, have been in my thoughts. And yet, 'the wealth of Ormus, or the Ind,' 'barbaric pearls and gold,' could offer nothing so gratifying to the eye of patriotism, as that splendid assemblage of the products of mechanic art. To one who had not witnessed that spectacle, this might seem extravagant. But I am sure that I should not do justice to the feelings of those who have seen it, without speaking of it as I do. And when we remember that it is but two centuries, since the rude savage wandered across this wooded island—all his weapons, tools and instruments together, but a tomahawk, a scalping knife, and a hunter's bow—we might imagine that the Genius of Civilization had stretched out its wand, and conjured up this fairy scene, to establish her triumph.

How characteristic is this spectacle, gentlemen, of the times in which we live! In other days, it would have been the tournament, or the feasting hall, hung round with helmets and swords, and the grim and shaggy trophies of the chase. And, indeed, if we had fixed our eye first upon the upper end of that hall, we might have imagined that we were witnessing only the same thing, in higher perfection—only more gorgeous caparisons and trappings of the war-horse, more polished weapons, and more fatal instruments of death. But, as we look around us, we see other tokens—the products of the peaceful loom and planing tool, carving and tapestry, works of equal utility and beauty in iron, and marble, and glass, and shining metals—comforts for home, and conveniences for travel—and books, in bindings splendid enough to seduce the eye from those attractive and ponderous ledgers, in which there is to be so much more profitable writing. We see, too, that the busy and delicate hand of woman has been there. Meanwhile, music, far other than that of the war song, flings its notes over the gay scene, and all around us breathes of peace and prosperity. It is a characteristic and striking exhibition of the arts that conduce to human improvement; and it is to some reflections bearing upon this point, that I wish, on the present occasion, to invite the attention of this assembly.

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TRUE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

How many natural ties are there between even the humblest scene of labor, and the noblest affections of humanity! In this view the employment of mere muscular strength is ennobled. There is a central point in every man's life, around which all his toils and cares revolve. It is that spot which is consecrated by the names of wife, and children, and home. A secret, an almost imperceptible influence from that spot, which is like no other on earth, steals into the breast of the virtuous laboring man, and strengthens every weary step of his toil. Every blow that is struck in the workshop and the field, finds an echo in that holy shrine of his affections. If he who fights to protect his home, rises to the point of heroic virtue; no less may he who labors, his life long, to provide for that home Peace be within those domestic walls, and prosperity beneath those humble roofs! But should it ever be otherwise; should the time ever come when the invader's step approaches to touch those sacred thresholds, I see in the labors that are taken for them, that wounds will be taken for them too; I see in every honest workman around me, a hero.

So material do I deem this point—the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell upon it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why, then, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants. The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been the power, to move that world of machinery. Ten thousand wheels within wheels might have been at work; ten thousand processes, more curious and complicated than man can devise, might have been going forward without man's aid; houses might have risen like an exhalation,

with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple;

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, richer than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in these Elysian palaces. 'Fair scene!' I imagine you are saying; 'fortunate for us, had it been the scene ordained for human life!' But where then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk to a crowd, nay, far beneath a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed and forest, for him to fashion into splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater than and more worthy of honor than the idler I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for that nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It *is* broken down; and it *has been* broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here if any where, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil, it may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth, as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To *some* field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system; under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature; it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat it—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

RELIGIOUS TENDENCY OF MECHANIC ART.

There is one further and final suggestion, which, at the risk of its being thought professional, I would not altogether omit in this survey of the moral tendencies of mechanic art. It leads the mind to the infinite wisdom of nature, to the infinite wisdom of its Author.

The materials, for instance, on which art is to work,—how wonderfully are they adapted to one another, and to the natural powers of the workman! The steel is adapted to the wood it cuts—the water to the wheel it moves, and to the ship it bears—the plough to the soil it turns. Weight is adjusted to power. If the hammer weighed a hundred pounds, vainly would the hand strive to wield it. If the earth were covered with a forest of iron, man would labor in vain to cut it down and build it into houses.

If an intelligent manufacturer or mechanic would carefully note down in a book all the instance of adaptation that presented themselves to his attention, he would in time have a large volume; and it would be a volume of philosophy—a volume of indisputable facts in defence of a Providence. I could not help remarking lately, when I saw a furnace upon the stream of the valley, and the cartman bringing down ore from the mountains, how inconvenient it would have been if this order of nature had been reversed; if the ore-bed had been in the valley, and the stream had been so constituted as to rise, and to make its channel upon the tops of the ridges. Nay, more; treasures are slowly prepared and carefully laid up in the great store-houses of nature, against the time when man shall want them. When the wood is cut off from the plains and the hills, and fuel begins to fail, and man looks about him with alarm at the prospect, lo! beneath his feet are found, in mines of bitumen and mountains of anthracite, the long hid treasures of Providence—the treasure-houses of that care and kindness, which at every new step of human improvement, instead of appearing to be superseded, seems doubly entitled to the name of *Providence.*

Nature, too, is itself a world of mechanism; and it invites mechanic art at every step to admire that intelligent, and if I may say so, that congenial wisdom which is displayed in it. The human body is a structure of art, fearfully and wonderfully made. The human arm and hand is a tool, an instrument, and what an instrument! composed of twenty or thirty solid, separate parts, besides the cartilages, ligaments and nerves, that give it its wonderful security, strength and tact. What indefeasible cunning lies in that right hand; nay, what latent cunning—every new year of mechanic discovery developing it more and more—what latent cunning sleeps in the sinews and nerves of that folded palm! And then that curious rotary motion of the forearm—what efforts of mechanic art have there been to imitate that skill of the great Maker of our frame! And again the human head—that dome of the house of life—is built upon the most perfect principles of that kind of structure: with its thicker bones in the base of the skull, like the solid masonry of a Roman arch; with its interior and supporting ridges of bone, like the flying buttresses of a Gothic cathedral. The dome of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, built in the time of the Emperor Justinian, fell three times during its erection; the dome of the Cathedral of Florence stood unfinished 120 years, for the want of an architect: and yet it has been justly said, that every man employed about them, had the model in his own head.

All nature is not only, I repeat, a world of mechanism, but it is the work of infinite art; and the mechanic-inventor and toiler, is but a student, an apprentice in that school. And when he has done all, what can he do to equal the skill of the great original he copies: to equal the wisdom of Him who 'has stretched out the heavens like a curtain, who has laid the beams of his chambers on the waters?' What engines can he form, like those which raise up through the dark labyrinths of the mountains, the streams that gush forth in fountains from their summits? What pillars, and what architecture can he lift up on high, like the mighty forest trunks, and their architrave and frieze of glorious foliage? What dyes can he invent, like those which spread their everchanging

and many-colored robe over the earth? What pictures can he cause to glow, like those which are painted on the dome of heaven?

It is the glory of art, that it penetrates and develops the wonders and bounties of nature. It draws their richness from the valleys, and their secret stores from the mountains. It leads forth every year fairer flocks and herds upon the hills; it yokes the ox to the plough, and trains the fiery steed to its car. It plants the unsightly germ, and rears it into vegetable beauty; it takes the dull ore and transfuses it into splendor, or gives it the edge of the tool or the lancet; it gathers the filaments which nature has curiously made, and weaves them into soft and compact fabrics. It sends out its ships to discover unknown seas and shores; or it plunges into its work-shops at home, to detect the secret, that is locked up in mineral, or is flowing in liquid matter. It scans the spheres and systems of heaven with its far sight; or turns with microscopic eye, and finds in the drops that sparkle in the sun, other worlds crowded with life. Yet more is mechanic art the handmaid of society. It has made man its special favorite. It clothes him with fine linen and soft raiment. It builds him houses, it kindles the cheerful fire, it lights the evening lamp, it spreads before him the manifold page of wisdom; it delights his eye with gracefulness, it charms his ear with music; it multiplies the facilities of communication and the ties of brotherhood; it is the softner of all domestic charities, it is the bond of nations.

Gentlemen of the American Institute! you need no commendation of mine; your works speak for you; and I have only to wish, that they may advance in improvement and extend in utility—an honor to yourselves, and a blessing to our common country!

UNITARIAN MISSIONS.

In one particular branch of Missionary effort, Unitarians enjoy the honor and the happiness of having taken the lead. We allude to the Ministry at large, to the poor, the ignorant and the depraved that inhabit the large city—a very numerous class, and highly interesting to the philanthropic mind—but a class that has been hitherto always strangely overlooked and neglected by Christians, while they have been sending out their sympathies, and their instruments of conversion to the ends of the earth.

This ministry is of comparatively recent origin, and is still regarded by very many as merely an experiment. It has, however, all things considered, been regarded with great favor and supported with commendable liberality. And, were the attention and charity of our Unitarian Churches, in this city, directed to no other missionary field than that which the ministry to the poor contemplates, this alone would be sufficient to remove the reproach of indifference to missions, that is often cast upon our denomination.

But we apprehend that but few of the members of our own body, and none of our brethren of other names, have as yet any adequate idea of the various and excellent *fruits* that have already resulted from the ministry at Large.

We do not intend to allude at present, to the many remote and secret, but not less real effects of the Ministry, but wish merely to point attention to a few of its good results that are manifest as the light of day, and palpable as the autumnal harvest, concerning which all may satisfy themselves, and which no one can deny.

At least *four thousand persons* have been reached and operated upon by the sanctions and consolations of Christianity, during the last year, through the instrumentality of this ministry in this city—nearly every individual of which number would otherwise have been almost destitute of the sacred influences of our holy faith. In this estimate we include the 600 children whom Mr Barnard, has gathered into his fold, mostly from the highways and alleys—also those connected with them, who have been visited, counselled, &c.

Out of this large number three Churches have been established; many have been converted from the grossest sin, and from avowed infidelity, to a love for the worship of the most High, and to the purity and happiness of the believer; many have been transformed from habits of vileness and filth to those of respectability and decency many have been raised from despondency and recklessness, to joy and cheerfulness and usefulness; many have been sweetly comforted in sickness, and many have found peace, and hope, and triumph in death.

It is really a matter of wonder that so much visible fruit should have been produced in so short a period, with so few instruments and so small means,—while the unseen and remote influences that have emanated from this source who shall estimate or imagine?

To God be the praise; to ourselves, encouragement and an increase of zeal in the work; to our ministers, and all their coadjutors, multiplied satisfactions and strength, and gifts from on high.

Beginning thus the missionary work at home, at our own doors, and with so much success and promise, we are building upon a sure foundation, and shall by and by extend the arms of our love, and the reach of our efforts and bounty more and more widely abroad.

THE TOKEN, edited by S. G. Goodrich, published by the American Stationer's Company, and Stereotyped and printed by Folsom, Wells, and Thurston, printers to the University, has made its appearance for 1838.

Its mechanical (we cannot say literary) execution does great credit to those who have been concerned in getting it up, and is much superior to what it has been in any former year.

The plates—10 in number—are very beautiful—particularly that of *Chingford Church*, which is the finest we have seen executed in this country.

Two specimens of the poetry may be found on the last page.

Charming harbinger of our three winter holidays; delicate prompter to mutual friendly remembrances; pleasant medicine for a weary hour; beautiful indigenous gem for the ornament of our drawing room—gratifying index to our nation's progress in the fine arts; pleasant teacher of good morals and good taste—we give it our cordial welcome.

PUBLIC DISCUSSIONS—&C.

The following remarks which we noticed the other day in the National Gazette and Literary Register, struck us as being sensible and worth copying.

It appears sufficiently evident that public discussions of the kind alluded to are productive of much more evil than good to the cause of religion. More animal heat than celestial light is usually elicited on such occasions. And we have been of opinion that they have almost invariably been got up rather to gratify the pugnacious appetite of certain redoubtable knights of the tongue; or for the sake of the display of fancied ability and acuteness by conceited minds, or for some other selfish purpose, than for the discovery and glorification of the truth.

The Editor of the National Gazette throws some new light upon the origin of these 'Eleven-penny-bit discussions.'

We notice, with extreme regret, the annunciation of a public discussion, at which an attempt is to be made to invalidate the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, by a Mr John M. Pumroy. This deistical gentleman modestly advertises himself an A. M., 'who has received a liberal education, and paid some attention to the study of the Christian religion!' We would fain believe, that the clergy give no countenance to such exhibitions, and would ask *cui bono*, and as well, also, what evils may not be the consequence? Perhaps they may be accounted for by the significant addition of 'tickets, twelve and a half cents, which had better be procured during the day, to prevent confusion.' With respect to these discussions about the truth of Christian revelation, it may be well to mention a fact of recent occurrence, which we have been credibly told. A logician errant, who, by the way was for the good cause, paid an adversary so much each night to play the infidel antagonist, and crowds flocked night after night to hear the eleven-penny bit discussions—the duplicate wrath and wisdom of the thunderers—while the latter enjoyed the profits, which amounted to hundreds of dollars.

We understand that the second course of Lyceum Lectures at the Warren Street Chapel will commence next Tuesday evening.

They are designed, especially to meet the convenience of persons in that neighborhood. The proceeds are to be devoted to defray the annual expenses of the Institution. The List of Lecturers promises much intellectual entertainment and useful instruction to those who may attend.

We hope that the Teachers will meet with large encouragement from the friends of their excellent Charity, and from the public at large.

ORDINATION OF MR SARGENT.

The ordination of Rev. J. T. Sargent to the *Ministry at Large* in this city took place on the last Sunday evening at Dr Channing's Church.

The following was the order of the services on that interesting occasion.

Introductory Prayer and Reading of Scriptures, by Rev. Dr Parkman.

HYMN,

For the Ordination of a Minister to the Poor.

BY REV. J. PIERPONT.

'The poor, the suffering poor'—*He* said,
Who from his garment's very hem
A healing virtue round him shed—
'Shall have the gospel preached to them.'

Yes! He upon whose houseless head
The stars dropped many a dewy gem,
Broke, for the poor, the living bread
He brought from heaven, and gave it hem.

Beneath the shade that *Branch* hath spread
Which shot out green from Jesse's stem,
These wandering poor are gathered
To have the gospel preached to them.

He, who with oxen made his bed—
The houseless Babe of Bethlehem—
These houseless babes hath hither led
To have his gospel preached to them.

Lord, bless thy servant, who hath fed
These lambs of thine, and help him stem
The tide of sin, with fearless tread,
And preach the gospel unto them.

May not the soul of each be said,
O God, to be a priceless gem?
Give them to him who for them bled
To sparkle in his diadem!

Sermon, by Rev. Mr Greenwood.

Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Dr Frothingham.

Charge, by Rev. Dr Tuckerman.

Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. F. T. Gray.

HYMN,

BY REV. J. T. SARGENT.

Maker of all!—both rich and poor
Whose hopes in Thee together meet,
In prayer we bend—in praise adore,
With meekness at thy mercy seat.

Aid, now, O God, the impulse given
To that design which Jesus blessed,
To give the poor the wealth of heaven,—
To lead the weary to their rest.

Thou, who dost work to will and do!
O grant us now, thy quickening grace.
Help us to seek and serve Thee too,
Patient to run the Christian race.

Help us to be what Christ desired:
Whate'er he taught, or wished, or was,
And, in the faith which he inspired—
To do thy will,—to bear his cross.

Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr Young.

All the exercises were of a high order, appropriate and impressive.

The Sermon was in the happiest style of the distinguished author, chaste, natural, charming to the taste throughout, and, in parts, highly pathetic and eloquent. We hope it will be published.

In the Charge, the wonted wisdom and tenderness of the venerable originator of the Ministry to the Poor were happly combined. The Prayer of Ordination had the force of right words and earnest emotions—The Right Hand of Fellowship, was instinct with true Christian love and a sincere and holy zeal.

It was highly gratifying to see the Church thronged, as it was at a very early hour. It argues well for the regard that is felt for the Ministry: and we have no doubt that much new interest was awakened, and that the zeal of many friends to the cause was renewed and confirmed, by the influences and instructions of the evening.

Mr Sargent enters upon his work in a part of the city where his labors are much needed, and where he has already gathered about him quite a large band of interesting children, and of adults, who thirst for the sincere milk of the word. Most heartily do we bid him God speed.

A PILLOW IN THE TEMPEST.

We reserved the following extract from the New York Observer, with a design of accompanying it with an expression of some of the multitudinous emotions that its first perusal instantly excited; but upon taking it up a second time, the picture it presents appears so sublime in its simplest touch, that we neither desire nor dare to veil it with a single word; and is itself so eloquent of the grandest morals, that we blush at having once even thought to utter a homily, in the company of such a soul-stirring preacher.

REV. GEORGE COWLES AND WIFE.

In the list of unfortunate individuals who were lost in the steamboat Home, from New York for Charleston, we perceive the names of the Rev. George Cowles and wife. Mrs Cowles was the sister of Rev. William Adams, of this city; her husband, for several years, was the pastor of the first church in Danvers, Mass. Very feeble health obliged him, about two years since, to seek a dissolution of his pastoral relation, and at the time of his death he was on his way to a southern residence for the winter. When in this city, for the first time within two years, he was able to preach, in the lecture room of the Central Church, a discourse which will long be remembered for its impressive and solemn character. Few have ever been so generally and deservedly beloved.

It will afford their numerous friends great consolation to learn—what is stated by one of the survivors—that amidst the terrors of that appalling scene, they maintained the utmost composure, and even a serious willingness to depart. When last seen, they were reclining side by side on the luggage, and a kind Providence permitted a survivor to report, as the last words that fell from the lips of Mr Cowles,—'He that trusts in Jesus is safe, even in the perils of the sea.'

PEACE.

The Article on this subject on the first page was inserted by particular request, and is the first of a series which are to appear simultaneously in most of the Religious papers in the country.

We cannot so far yield the discretionary right which belongs to an Editor, as to pledge ourself to admit *all* the articles that may be sent to us under the head of *Peace*, at any rate; and yet shall not be very likely to err on the side of *exclusiveness*.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR NOVEMBER

The following is the Table of Contents.—Clement of Alexandria.—Locke and the Trancendentalists.—Education in the West.—Grumbler's Thoughts.—The Love of Excellence, as one Aim of Education.—Miss Martineau's Society in America.—Alcott's Conversations of the Gospels.—Dr Kirkland's Letter on the Holy Land, and Mr Catherwood's Panorama on Jerusalem.—Notices and Intelligence.

It is gratifying to find that this number is adorned and rendered valuable by a letter from the gifted pen of one, whose wisdom and whose wit were formerly the admiration and praise of the community, and which still, though less often brought before the public, are known to live, scarcely abated by infirmity and elastic under the weight of years.

We have received from Weeks, Jordan & Co. the Religious Magazine, and Family Miscellany for November. Conducted by Professor E. A. Andrews.—And the London Quarterly Review. No. CXVII.—For July, 1837. American Edition—Vol. VIII. No. 1, commencing a new volume.

Also the Annals of Education and Instruction, conducted by William A. Alcott, William C. Woodbridge, Foreign Correspondent.

A report has been in circulation for a week or two past that our esteemed brother, Rev. E. S. Gannett is on his return to this city. It is discredited by many of his friends.

It is however well ascertained that his health has very much improved, and that with due care, he may be able to resume his duties.

N.B. We hope that some reverend Father will reply to the letter of W. We will take upon us, the responsibility of vouching for the respectability and excellent intent of him who uses that signature in this instance, and also that he is in very deed a Clergyman.

We give on our last page the commencement of a long and unpublished manuscript, written by an aged Christian in imitation of Bunyan. It is our hope that it will meet with so much favor among our Readers as to encourage the publication of the whole. As far as we have examined it, it is well written, and displays both wisdom and ingenuity.

The Blind made happy, is the title of a neat little work published by Whipple and Damrell. Its object is excellent, viz. to enlist the sympathies of the young in behalf of the *Blind*. The facts are highly important and interesting—and well-narrated. It is a very good and useful book, and ought to be widely read.

The Shaker Bridal, in the last Register, should have been attributed to the 'Author of Twice Told Tales' and not to Miss Sedgewick.

INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. George Putman, of Roxbury, has been appointed by the Governor, a member of the Board of Education, in place of Horace Mann, who resigned his seat when he accepted the office of Secretary.

Marine Insurance.—The past summer and autumn have been remarkable for the amount of property destroyed at sea, in consequence of which the marine offices have suffered severely. Within a period of eleven days the following heavy losses have been heard from, insured in State street, for the amounts here stated, besides many smaller ones, which would considerably swell the aggregate:—Brig Toucan, of Boston, $53,000; ship Hope, of Philadelphia, $52,500; ship Emerald, of Portsmouth, $38,000; ship Boston, of Salem, $25,000; ship Boreas, of Duxbury, $20,000. Total $188,500.

Latest from Flordia. The express mail of yesterday brought news of the capture, by stratagem, of the Indian Chief Powell, with fifty warriors. The St Augustine Herald says that Powell, Coahajo, and several sub-chiefs are among the captured. The capture took place about a mile from Fort Peyton. The talk was a very short one. They stated that they had been invited by Philip to come and hear what propositions were to be made to them, that they did not come to deliver themselves up as prisoners, and nothing was said that seemed to indicate that they were yet conquered. As soon as this fact was ascertained, at a preconcerted signal, they were surrounded by the United States troops, and all taken prisoners. They were completely surprised and captured without bloodshed.—*Courier.*

The Susquehannah.—The accounts relating to the reported piracy on this vessel are contradictory. No positive information had been received up to the time when our paper was put to press. Public opinion was much divided as to the credit due to the report.

Convention of Banks.—A circular has been published, written in conformity with a resolve of the officers of the Banks in the city of New York, and addressed to the banks in the several States, inviting them to appoint delegates, to meet at New York on the 27th inst, for the purpose of conferring on the time when specie payments may be resumed with safety, and on the measures necessary to effect that purpose. We understand that the proposition has been cordially acceded to by the associated banks of this city, which will take measures to be represented in the convention.—*Advertiser.*

Smelting Iron with Anthracite Coal—We are gratified to be able to lay before our readers, further information in regard to this discovery, so highly interesting to our State and to the Union at large. At the Liverpool meeting of the British association for the advancement of science, the discoverer, Mr Crane, read a paper, an abstract of which we find in the London Literary Gazette, of Sept. 16, as follows:—*Philadelphia Herald.*

'Mr Crane, of Toriscedwyn iron works, near Swansea, read a paper on his successful introduction of anthracite coal, by the combination of heated air, for the purpose of smelting iron ore. The reduction of the quantity of fuel expended, to less than one third of that before required of the bituminous kinds, for the production of the best of pig iron—the increase of from forty to fifty per cent. upon the former made by the process—and the greatly increased strength of the metal, when compared with that previously obtained by him from the native ores of the South Welsh basin, with the use of coke of the bituminous veins, and cold blast, were the leading points of the paper—This is a subject of great interest in a commercial point of view; as, if perfectly successful—and from the experiment of Mr Crane, on a large scale, there seems to be strong ground for supposing it may be so—it is a question whether the discovery will prove more beneficial or injurious to the prosperity of this country. On the one hand it was urged by Mr Crane, that at least one third of the immense coal pits of South Wales, is composed of anthracite coal, which will thus for the first time, be brought into extensive use for the purposes of smelting; but on the other hand, it must be remembered that this description of coal exists, together with iron ore, in great abundance in the United States of America, as well as in various parts of the continent, the inhabitants of which would, if the theory holds good, be enabled to rival our works, at a cheap rate.

Mr Crane stated that he had smelted a ton of iron, on an average, with less than 27 cwt. of anthracite coal; and in regard to quality, the result was perfectly satisfactory. His works had long been noted for producing iron, equal, if not superior, to others in South Wales; and by means of anthracite coal he had been enabled to improve its quality. Anthracite coal being almost entirely composed of carbon, it was his opinion that he would be able, at no distant period, to produce, by its means an iron not inferior to that formerly smelted by charcoal. Having beds of bituminous coal as well as anthracite, in his possession, he had instituted comparisons as to the amount of iron which could be produced by the most economical application of coal, and he found that there was a considerable saving in the use of the latter. Mr Crane then gave a highly descriptive account of the manner in which he had first discovered the means of applying his discovery to the combustion of the coal. The mode in which he now conducted the smelting, was by means of a cupola furnace, into which he urged a stream of air, heated to such a degree as to be able to melt lead; the effect of this hot blast being all that was necessary to produce that combustion of the coal requisite for the reduction of the ore.'

RIO JANEIRO, Aug. 28.

A revolution has taken place at Rio Grande, and a Brazilian frigate has sailed for that place. She was accompanied by the U. S. sloop of war Falmouth and brig Dolphin, it being reported that several American merchants were imprisoned there. The Peacock, Captain Kennedy arrived here on the 24th, in 47 days from Callao, and will leave here the 8th of September, for the U. States The small pox is raging here.—*Cor. of New London Gazette.*

From Europe.—The packet ship Oxford, from Liverpool, arrived at New York on Saturday, bringing London papers to Sept. 30. The President's message, at the opening of the late session, was published in the papers of the 29th, having been received by the Roscoe, and landed at Cork on the 25th. It does not seem to have given much satisfaction as to the state of monied affairs in this country. Cotton was dull, and rather lower.

The cholera had appeared at Toulon, in the city and on board the ships of war. The elections in France were to commence on the 4th of November. The marriage of the Princess Mary was to take place on the 10th of October. The King and Queen of Belgium were to be present.

The young Queen of Portugal had given an heir to the throne, born on the 19th of September.

Spain was in a wretched condition. Madrid in a state of seige—the Carlist troops hovering about it—Don Carlos at the last date at Gaudalaxara—Espartero every now and then gaining a nominal victory—and the opposing parties diligently robbing one another. The prisoners of the British Legion, taken at Ardavour by the Carlists to the number of 132 had been shot.

Later from France.—The packet ship Albany, arrived at New York on Sunday evening bringing Paris papers, to Sept 30.

The Ordinance for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies was to appear on the 4th of Oct. The day of the general election was fixed for the 4th of Oct. A long list of more than forty new Peers, was to appear on the day of the ordinance of dissolution. It will contain a considerable number of conspicuous members of the late Chamber of Deputies.

A fire broke out in an extensive cotton factory at Rouen on the night of the 25th. The loss is estimated at 500,000 francs.

WORCESTER COUNTY AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society will be held in Worcester on Friday November 17th, for the transaction of business at the American Temperance House at eleven o'clock, A. M; and for the reading of the annual report and public addresses at the Rev. Mr Peabody's Meeting House, at two o'clock P. M.

Worcester, Oct. 31, 1837.

A. D. FOSTER, *Sec'ry.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Wednesday, by Rev. Mr Greenwood, Joseph W. Alsop, Jr. Esq. of New York, to Miss Mary A. daughter of Francis J. Oliver, Esq.

By the Rev. Joseph Allen, Mr Lewis Rice of Boston, to Miss Susan Augusta, daughter of Mr Nathaniel Brigham, of Northborough.

On 26th inst., Edgeumbe H. Blatchford, Esq. of New York city, to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Hon. Samuel Hubbard.

Mr Ezekiel Taylor, to Miss Louisa Merry; Mr John J. Fatal, of Newburyport, to Miss Catharine Cash.

In Roxbury, by the Rev. Mr Putnam, in his church, John L. Wilson, of Philadelphia, to Miss Frances M. P. Lewis, of Roxbury, daughter of the late Thomas Lewis, of Boston.

In Worcester, on Thursday last, by the Rev. Dr. Bancroft, Mr Francis H. Kinnicutt, to Miss Elizabeth Waldo, daughter of the Hon. Leonard M. Parker.

In Leominster, 25th ult. Mr Jonathan Drake, of this city, to Miss Frances H. daughter of Wm Wilder Esq.

Married in Norton, Oct. 23d by Rev. A. M. Bridge, Mr Carlos Freeman of West Bridgewater, to Miss Jerusha H. Lane of Norton.

Oct. 26th Mr Schuyler Freeman to Miss Sarah M. Witherell.

DEATHS.

In this city, Anna M. Stoughton, 77.

In Chelsea, Mrs Sarah Burrill, 76; Miss Polly Harris, 56; Mrs Lydia Pratt, 68.

On Tuesday morning last, at his residence in Brighton, Noah Worcester, D. D. in his 79th year.

In Cambridge, Miss Joanna Bartlett, daughter of the late Samuel Bartlett.

In West Cambridge, Oct. 31st, Capt John Perry, 57

In Philadelphia, on Saturday last, Lemuel B. Glover, formerly of this city, 46.

In Macon, Geo. John E. Carter, eldest son of John H. Carter, of this city, 21.

In Mobile, Ala. Sept 26th, of apoplexy, Mr Elbridge G. Whitney, a native of Harvard, Mass.

In New Orleans, Oct. 15th, Miss Harriet, youngest daughter of Thomas Avis, of this city, 20.

In New Orleans, Oct. 19th, William M. Cook, son of Capt Samuel Cook of Boston, 24; on the 7th, Zachariah Gurney, of Boston, 39.

In Palermo, July 11th, of cholera, Mrs Rosamond A. Seaver, daughter of Capt. Thomas Moriarty, 20.

FOR SALE, IN BRIGHTON, A BOARDING-SCHOOL ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Subscriber, having, for several months past, been afflicted with a bronchial difficulty, which has nearly deprived him of the use of his voice, and finding no immediate prospect of relief, but in a change of business, has been induced by the advice of friends and eminent physicians, to relinquish his profession as a Teacher, and now offers his situation for sale; which consists of a large dwelling-house, fitted up for the accommodation of boarders, an academy of ample size, and fifteen acres of valuable land, well stocked with choice fruit.

The School has enjoyed a very liberal share of public patronage during the last eight years, which, so far as the Subscriber's influence extends, will be transferred to his successor. It is situated about one third of a mile south of the village, and perfectly retired, being separated from it by a beautiful grove. If preferred, the buildings will be sold with but part of the land. Possession given as soon as desired after Nov. next. Terms liberal.

Brighton Sept 29 tf JONAS WILDER.

ENGLISH BOOKS.—Retsch's Outlines of Faust; do do Hamlet; do do Macbeth; do do Romeo and Juliet;
Schiller's Outlines of Fridolin;
Brown's Zoological Text Book, 2 vols;
Lamb's Dramatic Poets, 2 vols;
Do Elia, 1st and 2d series;
Do Life and Letters, by Talfourd;
The Aldine Poets splendidly bound;
Milton's complete Prose and Poetical Works;
Recollections of a Flower Garden, &c. &c.
This day received at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School st. n 4

SCHOOL BOOKS, of every description, constantly on hand at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School st.

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE AND MISSIONARY ANNUAL, for 1838, splendidly bound, and embellished by the following list of Embellishments: Rt. Rev. Bishop White; the Missionary; the Death of Sapphira; Cottage Piety; the Brahmin Suicide; Reflection; the Storm in Harvest; the Polish Exile; the Shrine; the Morning Walk; Olympia Fulvia Morata—this day received at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School st. n 4

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THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE AND DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, No. 1, for October.

CONTENTS.—Art 1. Introduction. The Democratic Principle—the importance of its assertion, and application to our Political System and Literature. 2. The Battle Field: by Wm. Cullen Bryant. 3 Nathaniel Macon. 4 Autumn: by Mrs E. L. Follen. 5. The Constitution Oak. 6. The Toll Gatherer's Day, a sketch of Transitory Life: by the author of 'Twice Told Tales.' 7. The Worth of Woman: from the German of Schiller. 8. Mexican Antiquities of Palenque and Mitlan, in the Provinces of Chiapa and Oaxaca. 9. Palestine: by J. G Whittier. 10. Miriam: a Dramatic Poem. 11. Storm Stanzas. 12. Glances at Congress, by a Reporter: No. 1—the Extra Sesssion—the American Union—the Hall of the House—the Spoaker—Henry A. Wise—Eli Moore—Caleb Cushing—John Quincy Adams—C. C. Cambreleng—Ogden Hoffman. 13. Enigma. 14 Political Portraits, with pen and pencil: No. 1: Thomas Hart Benton, (with a full length copperplate Engraving. 15. Epitaph from the Greek Anthology.—16. European Views of American Democracy.—De Tocqueville. 17. The River. 18. The Moral of the Crisis. 19. Retrospective View of European Politics—especially of Germany, since the last Congress of Vienna.

Published in monthly numbers of 142 pages each, making three volumes of between 1700 and 1800 pages a year, for $5 per annum. Each number to be embellished with an engraving of some distinguished Senator.

Subscriptions received at the Literary Room WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. nov 4

THE TOKEN, for 1838, with ten beautiful engravings on steel. The following are among the contributors; John Pierpont, Henry Ware, Jr., F. W. P. Greenwood, Oliver Wendall Holmes, author of Twice Told Tales. Miss Sedgwick, Mrs Sigourney, &c. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. Nov 4

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE AND MISSIONARY ANNUAL, edited by Rev. John A. Clark, with eleven beautiful steel engravings among them a portrait of the late venerable Bishop White; for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. Nov 4

PIERCE'S ALGEBRA. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, to which are added Exponential Equations by Benjamin Pierce A. M. University Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston Bookstore 134 Washington st. Nov 4

IN PRESS. JAMES MUNROE & CO. have in press, and will publish in a few weeks, 'The Sunday School Guide,' by A. B. Muzzey. Boston Bookstore, 134 Washington st, opposite school st. Nov. 4

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING. A fresh supply of Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath, a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1838. This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering, whose silent eloquence, more rich than words, tells of the Giver's faith and truth, in absence, and says forget me not. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. Nov 4

BULWERS NEW WORK, &C.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS, by E. L. Bulwer, also new supplies of Crichton, by W. H. Ainsworth, Attilla by G. O. R. James, Pic Nics, Athen by Bulwer, Lockhart's Scott, Pickwick, Letters from Palmyra, Confessions of a Catholic Priest, and all new works, at the Literary rooms,
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IRVINGS NEW WORK.

THE HAWK CHIEF, in 2 vols, 12 mo. This day received at the Literary Rooms,
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KING'S OWN, *for* 31 *Cents.*—The King's Own, by Captain Maryatt, this day published in the uniform series of Marryatt's Works, at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. n 4

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE AND MISSIONARY ANNUAL, for 1838, edited by Rev. John A. Clark, crown octavo, superbly bound in Turkey morocco, with eleven highly finished engravings, executed by the most distinguished artists of the U. S. List of Engravings: Rt. Rev. Bishop White; the Missionary; the Death of Sapphira; Cottage Piety; the Brahmin Suicide; Reflection; the Storm in Harvest; the Polish Exile; the Shrine; the Morning Walk; Olympia Fulvia Morata—this day received and for sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. n 4

REPRINTS.—Metropolitan Magazine, Volume 4, No. 3, for September.
London Quarterly Review, Vol. 8, No. 1, for July.
This day received at the Liteary Rooms, WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. Publisher's Agents for all the Republications. n 4

POYEN'S ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—Report on the Magnetical Experiments, by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, with an Introduction, containing an Account of Animal Magnetism, conditions to exercise it, mode of operation, phenomena, demonstration, objections refuted, its usefulness, history, &c. &c: by Dr Poyen. For sale at the Literary Rooms. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st.
nov 4

TEACHER'S PRESENT.

IN PRESS, and will be published in a few weeks, The Teacher's Present, for Sabbath Schools, being a Collection of Tales mostly written for the work, by Sunday School Teachers. It will contain about 144 pages, 18mo. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. 121 Washington st. n 4

LARGE AND VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AT AUCTION.

ON Saturday Nov. 11 at 9 o'clock, at store No. 3 Tudor's Building, opposite the east side of the New Court House, will commence the sale of a very valuable Catalogue of Books principally in Foreign Languages.

Catalogues may be had at the office of Whitwell and Seaver, Auctioneers, and at the place of sale.

GOETHE'S WORKS. A beautiful German edition, half bound in calf, gilt. 29 vols. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st.
Nov 4

DAILY MONITOR—Containing practical inferences from Christian doctrines, ecclesiastical history, sacred biography, &c—by Charles Brooks author of the Family Prayer Book. For sale at one half of the original price—by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court street. oct 28

PARLEY'S SCHOOL BOOKS.

BOOK OF THE UNITED STATES—Geographical, Political and Historical, with comparative views of other countries.—Illustrated by Maps and Engravings.

'An interesting book—It contains a great variety of useful information, of the most recent date, written in a pleasing style, and well adapted to the comprehension of learners.'—Mercantile Journal.

'We thought Peter was dead, so long is it since we heard from him. However, he appears full of his communicative spirit in the admirable little instruction book before us, and we have no doubt that masters and misses will welcome his presence in right good earnest. The volume is neatly printed, and is illustrated with engravings.'—Daily Herald.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF HISTORY, or History on the basis of Geography, (comprehending the countries of the Western Hemisphere,) with sixty engravings from original designs, and sixteen maps of the different sections of the United States and the various countries of the Western Hemisphere, executed in the most beautiful manner on steel plates.

'This is truly an excellent work. The plan we think is new, and the execution good.—It is geography and history combined; this union will be found to double the value of both.'—Vermont Chronicle.

'It has all the merit which belongs to this already famous writer. * * The volume before us contains an admirably condensed history and topographical survey of each state, sketches of the wars, of the early voyages and discoveries, and in fine of all that can be interesting to the youthful mind in a First Book of History.'—Savannah Georgian.

'The style is not childish, though adapted to children; the representations are very unlike those miserable cuts which we too often see. The work is intended to introduce children to the study of history in an engaging manner.'—Boston Recorder.

'This is decidedly the best historical work for children we have ever met with It is filled with ideas instead of dates.—Let every child study this book three months in his own way, and he will have a better knowledge of the history and geography of his country than is often acquired by spending three years in the senseless operation of committing to memory page after page of the tiresome treatises in common use.'—Brandon Telegraph.

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From the Principal of the High School, Woodstock, Vt

'I must say, that if any work upon history, of the same extent, is deserving public approbation, for its real merits, it is the 'First, Second and Third Books of History,' by Peter Parley.'

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☞ Published by CHARLES J. HENDEE, 131, Washington street, (up stairs) and for sale by the Booksellers generally. oct 27

THE FAMILY NURSE, or Companion of the Frugal Housewife—by Mrs Child, author of Frugal Housewife, Mother's Book, Girl's Book, &c. Revised by a Member of the Mass. Medical Society. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. oct 28

THE FAMILY NURSE—by Mrs Child.—This day published The Family Nurse; or Companion of the Frugal Housewife: by Mrs Child; author of 'Frugal Housewife,' 'Mother's Book,' &c. Revised by a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

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'This book merely contains the Elements of Nursing, and is by no means intended to supersede the advice of a physician. It is simply a household friend, which the inexperienced may consult on common occasions, or sudden emergencies, when medical advice is either unnecessary, or cannot be obtained.' [From the Preface.]

CHAS. J. HENDEE, 131 Washington st. n 4

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

INVOCATION.

Father! enthroned above,
Thou source of life and love!
On thine Eternal Name, my voice would call.
Hear me as thus I pray,
And let a heavenly ray,
Gently, as night dews, on my spirit fall.

While suppliant thus I kneel,
Let me thy presence feel,
In the bright noontide as the evening shade,
When in the hour of prayer,
I bring to thee my care,
May my heart's confidence on thee be stayed:

Spare thou the loved and dear,
Life's trial way to cheer:—
Long may their faithful, changeless love be given;
And mid my lonely grief,
Grant me the sweet relief,
The trust, to meet those cherish'd ones in heaven.

And to my fainting heart,
Wilt thou thine aid impart?
In weakness, Mighty One! I bend to Thee.
When the fierce storm is nigh,
And raised to thee my eye,
Wilt thou my strength, in earthly weakness be?

When the dark hour has passed,
Of earthly wo the last,
And the soul quits its prison house of clay,—
Thou! to whom Death must bow,
Great King of kings! wilt thou
Receive my spirit to eternal day?

Bridgewater, Y. L. E.

The following Original Hymn, was sung at the recent Celebration of the Essex Agricultural Society, at Topsfield.

Father, like an altar fire,
Let our grateful thanks arise;
Tune our hearts, our souls inspire;
Hear us in the open skies.

Hear us while we bless thy care,
For the soil we love to till,
For each mead and pasture fair,
For the forest and the hill;

For the field of ripened grain,
Falling 'neath the sickle's gleam,
For the cultivated plain,
For the fertilizing stream,

For the lowland herds that graze
On each free New-England plain,
For the cheerful wood-fire's blaze,
For love's welcome evening strain,

For the promise thou hast given,
Of a seed and harvest-time;
'Tis a promise firm as heaven—
Sweet to us as music's chime;

For thy shielding wing of grace,
O'er our happy homes outspread,
For each high and hallow'd place,
Where our Sabbath prayers are said;

For the noble path we tread,
Where we see thy works abroad—
May we be by wisdom led,
And our souls be thine, Oh God.

The thankless oft are noisest in their thanks,
As on the unfruitful pavement every drop
That falls from the kind sky, is told aloud:
But in the gaatefull heart a blessing sinks,
Like the same shower upon the sunny field,
That drinks it silently, and shows its thanks
By smiles and glad increase.

From the Token and Souvenir for 1838.

THE FIRESIDE.

'What gift have you brought to our own fireside?'
'Twas a mother's voice that spake,—
'Without, the tempest doth fiercely chide,
But peace and joy shall within abide;
Oh cherish them for my sake.

A common stock is our happiness here;
Each heart must contribute its mite,
The bliss to swell, or the pain to cheer;
Son and daughter and husband dear,
What will you add to-night?'

Then the student-boy from the lettered page
Raised a bright, thought-speaking eye;
That knowledge was there which doth gird the sage,
And kindle a flame 'mid the frost of age
With light and majesty.

A blooming girl, like a rose on its stem,
Her bird-like carol poured;
Beauty and music their radiant gem
Shook from her sparkling diadem,
To swell the treasure-hoard.

Then a pale, sick child her guerdon brought,
'Twas the smile of patient trust,
For stern disease had a moral wrought,
And patient and pure was her chastened thought,
As a pearl by the rude sea nursed.

A fair babe woke in its cradle-bed,
And clung to the mother's breast,
But soon to the knee of its sire it sped;
Love was its gift, and the angels said,
That the baby's gift was best.

Then the father spake with a grateful air
Of the God whom his youth had known;
And the mother's sigh of tender care
Went up in the shape of a winged prayer,
And was heard before the Throne.

THE DELUGE.

BY H. WARE, JR.

While lying sleepless in my berth after long seasickness, I amused myself one night with collecting all the rhymes I could remember to the word *ark*, arranging them in alphabetical order, and then attempting verses in description of the deluge. The following is the result. It will be perceived, that when the same sounds were found to have different significations, so as to require to be repeated, they were introduced in an inverse order after having completed the alphabet.

I sing the story of the ancient Ark,
That oarless, rudderless, and sail-less Barque,
Which through the deluge bore the holy Clerk,
And saved the creatures in its chambers Dark.

The clouds collect; the various tribes Embark:
The fountains of the deep break up; and, Hark!
Above the matins of the early Lark,
The thunders roll. Beyond the appointed Mark
Of Ocean's ancient shores, this great Nearch
Rides o'er the ruins of earth's fertile Park.
How sad the wide-spread ravage to Remark!
Quenched of all earth-born things the vital Spark!
Through palace halls roves the voracious Shark;
And wreck, and beasts, and human corses Stark,
Throng round the life-boat of the Patriarch.

The months roll on. He sends the dove to Mark
The abating floods. And now they Disembark;
Men kneel; the creatures leap, fly, scream, and Bark,
While o'er them circles Mercy's radiant Arc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS, TO A BETTER COUNTRY.

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

The author's dream. He sees a man in a pitiable condition by the name of Pauper, who, by the advice and direction of Inspiration, commences a pilgrim's life.

When I was a very small boy I was delighted in hearing my pious mother read 'the pilgrim's progress from this world to that which is to come; delivered under the similitude of a dream, by John Bunyan.' This progress, although I could not then understand its design, at once very deeply interested my feelings, and excited my wonder. The travels, which his book relates, appeared to me very strange and even unaccountable; whither the travellers directed their course, I could not conceive, and what were the formidable trials and battles and discouragements they met with in their long, and hazardous journey, I could not tell. My views of them were very indistinct and confused. The oppressive burden on poor Christian's back, his wallowing in 'the slough of despond,' his terrific conflict 'with Apollyon,' his passage through the dark and dismal 'valley of the shadow of death, where he saw hobgoblins, satyrs and dragons of the pit; and where, also, he heard a continual howling and yelling, and every thing dreadful;' his rough treatment at 'Vanity Fair' in company with Faithful, who suffered martyrdom at the stake; his falling, with his companion Hopeful, into the hands of 'Giant Despair' and suffering incredible hardships in 'Doubting Castle:'—These, and other appalling events, which happened to Christian and his companions in travel, were things very strange and painful to my listening ears; exciting, sometimes, almost horrific emotions, and harrowing up the deepest sympathies of my soul. Yet notwithstanding the restless and frightful sensations which I realized from hearing my mother read the eventful progress of these persecuted and way-faring men, such was my curiosity, that I often importuned her to read to me their startling adventures, wonderful exploits and direful sufferings. These things, intermingled as they were, with the friendly and interesting conversation, which often passed between the pilgrims; the hospitality they experienced at the several stages of their pilgrimages, and the 'rarities' which were shown them, never failed to excite in my breast the alternate emotions of pain and pleasure, of sorrow, wonder, and delight. In short, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was, to my youthful imagination, taste and feelings, an invaluable treasure, the pearl of great price, the *summum bonum* of my mental enjoyments.

As I advanced in life and improvement, this same Pilgrim's Progress became more and more interesting to me; as I could read the book myself, and discover its allegorical character, and its leading design. The author now became my distinguished favorite; and often did I in imagination, travel with the Christian pilgrim and his associates, sympathising with them in their hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, success and disappointments. Nor did I apprehend for a considerable time, that the course, which they had been directed to take and pursue from the city of Destruction to mount Zion, was not the very same with that, delineated by Jesus Christ and his apostles. While they did not deviate from that course, I scarcely entertained a doubt that it was perfectly right and safe to tread in their steps. But in process of time I began to be strongly apprehensive that, instead of being perfectly straight, it was somewhat sinuous, rugged and deceptive. This apprehension, led me seriously to inquire whether many, if not all the trials, and difficulties, and discouragements endured by the pilgrims, did not arise from their so frequently deviating from wisdom's perfect way.

In pursuing my inquiry, I learned from an infallible Directory* that the way of wisdom, which leads directly to the heavenly country, is altogether pleasant and dreadful; that they, who travel in it, renew their strength, and even run their course 'without weariness, and walk without fainting,' and that, in keeping their course, they have great present reward, and that 'nothing shall offend them.' From this information I could not but conclude, that 'the book put out by Bunyan,' was not always correct in its directions, and that no inconsiderable portion of the evils which his pilgrims met with, resulted from following these directions. In short, my conclusion was that the book in question, was not so perfect a book, as I had believed it to be, the eulogiums bestowed upon it by their Reverences *Mason*, *Scott* and *Burder*, notwithstanding. Yet I cannot but love, and even admire its ingenious and fascinating allegory, and the estimable character of its author, in spite of all their faults. And now that I am old, gray-headed, and have considerably passed the stated age of man, I often hold delightful communion with that dreamer in eagerly pursuing the effusions of his wonderful genius, and cherishing the deep and various impressions, which they make both on my mind and heart; nor will they ever be effaced, while my memory holds its seat, and my best affections continue to exist.

Not long since, at the close of a day, which I had spent in diligent investigation of a perplexed and perplexing subject, with a feeling of comfort, as I closed the shutters of my windows I wheeled the sofa round to my fire side, and prepared for an evening relaxation and enjoyment, in reading the pilgrim-book, which I had so often perused with peculiar interest and pleasure. From the commencement of his pilgrimage, I followed burdened Christian to the cross, where his burden 'loosened from his shoulders, and fell from off his back,' which made him 'glad and lightsome.' Deeply sympathizing with the now happy man, and with a composed and tranquil mind, I retired to rest, and soon fell into a gentle sleep. And as I slept, I dreamed a dream; and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, who, although but in the prime of life, seemed somewhat advanced in years. His beard, long neglected, and grown to a considerable length, exhibited a squallid and repulsive appearance; his eyes, sunk deep in their sockets had lost their lustre and indicated deep, and melancholy, and sorrowful musing. His countenance pale and sickly, his cheeks wrinkled and hollow, his brow gloomy and forbidding; his limbs trembling and his whole body greatly emaciated and enfeebled, betokened in a connected view, the image of famine, wretchedness and despair. Moreover, I saw in my dream that this pitiable object was reduced to the most degraded and suffering state of servitude, that of feeding filthy and voracious swine, while he was denied, by his unfeeling master, a share of their coarse and unpalatable food. As I beheld him busied in this humiliating employment, he raised his withered and half-naked arms with convulsive and agonizing motion towards heaven, and with tremulous and almost suffocated accents exclaimed, 'Undone! undone! woe with the day! O wretched man that I am! What shall I do? Whither—O whither shall I flee to escape from this my deplorable condition?' The last exclamation but feebly escaped from his quivering lips, when he fell prostrate and senseless to the ground. With indescribable emotions I began to hasten to his relief; but was almost instantly arrested in my speed, by the appearance of an aged and venerable man hastily approaching from a different point.

'His form spoke majesty;
A diadem upon his head; a robe
Resplendent flowed downward to his feet; beard
Silvery whiteness to his girdle hung,
And his eyes severe, yet beamed with piety.'

Awed by his unexpected and majestic appearance, I lost the power to move; and with wondering gaze I fixed my dazzled eyes on the extraordinary stranger. He came up to the prostrate wretch, raised him from the ground, and with an air of authority, combined with mildness, demanded who he was, and what had brought him into this distressful condition? The miserable man, but partially recovered from a state of insensibility, and filled with awe at the sight of the venerable stranger, replied with sighs, and sobs, and tear: 'O my kind and venerable Sir, if I, unworthy as I am, may presume to talk with thee freely, without disguise, and fear of giving offence; if I may humbly hope to receive further favor from your gracious hands, I will answer your friendly inquiries, and without reserve open to you the recesses of my aching heart, although it will fill me with shame and cover my confused face with double confusion.' Speak without reserve, said the wonderful stranger, and with hope of all the further favor that you desire and need. Then, said the young man, while trembling took hold of his whole frame, my name heretofore has been Prodigal; but now it is Pauper. For the wretched condition in which you now see me, I have no one to blame but myself. But O, my good and revered Sir, let me submissively ask, before I proceed further,—to whom am I indebted for the honored privilege of thus speaking. Young man, answered the stranger, my name is Inspiration. I am the offspring of Him, who perfectly knoweth all things, and who can neither err nor be deceived. From him am I sent, and his, only, are the words which I dare to speak.

(*To be Continued.*)

* The Bible.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

INHUMATION OF LIVING REPTILES.

Few circumstances in natural history have more startled the student, than the power of sustaining life with which certain reptiles appear to be endowed, and which seems sometimes almost to invest them with the attributes of immortality. It seems utterly at variance with the analogy of nature, that living animals should be found completely imbedded in solid substances, where they must have remained for years or almost for centuries. So unnatural does this seem, that many eminent philosophers, and among them the celebrated Buffon, have doubted the fact. The existence of these phenomena can however be no longer questioned, for hundreds of well attested instances place the matter entirely beyond doubt.

Dr Good says that he has known a toad to have been found alive in the midst of a full grown elm, where it appeared to have scooped out the cavity which contained it as it grew in size. There was not the smallest external communication which could be traced. These animals have been found in solid coal without any visible aperture. Mr Leige, in the memoirs of the Royal Academy of Paris, gives an instance of a toad having been found in a solid block of marble. A still more singular case is mentioned by Mr Jesse, in his Gleanings of Natural History; a friend of his observed that a certain spot in a freestone fireplace was always moist. In time the stone was cracked, when a cavity was found in this place containing a dead frog.

A case occurred in a neighboring town within our own knowledge. Upon the removal of a high bank of clay, a living toad was found several feet from the surface completely imbedded in the solid mass, there being no external communication with the cavity.

A year or two since, as some workmen were digging a well in Saco, Me. they found a considerable number of frogs and small snakes, all alive, at the distance of fifty feet from the surface of the earth.—One of the most curious anecdotes, illustrative of the power which these reptiles have of existing without any apparent sustenance, is told by Mr Bakewell in his Geology. A nobleman in England, who himself told the anecdote to Mr Bakewell, was accustomed to have a certain cellar containing some choice wines opened only upon one particular day in the year; the anniversary of some family festival. On one of these occasions, the butler upon entering the cellar and removing a bottle of wine, found in the cavity under the bottle a living toad. He was struck with the circumstance, as the animal must have remained in that situation at least for a year, and reported it to the company. The nobleman, with some of his friends repaired to the cellar to see the toad, and directed that he should be placed again under the bottle. The next year, to their surprise upon opening the cellar, the toad was still found alive in the place where they had left him. The bottle was replaced, and for twenty five years the toad was found living in his snug retreat under the bottle, remaining all this time in a situation where it appeared that he could obtain no kind of sustenance. At the end of this period, the walls of the cellar were torn down, and the hermit toad disappeared.

The fact of animals being found in such situations being well established, the question occurs; how can these facts be accounted for? or in other words be shown to be conformable to the analogy of nature? The difficulty is to show the manner in which the reptiles gained admission to the situations where they are found; how they could live for the length of time, which is to be inferred from the situations in which they are found; and how they could exist at all without air or food, which would seem to be excluded from them. It seems to us that the first difficulty can be readily explained.

It is well known that these reptiles seek the crevices and clefts in rocks and trees for hiding places. The reptiles which have been found in trees, probably entered some crevice in the tree, which grew over and partly enclosed them in a state of torpidity. The rocks in which these animals have been found are of comparatively modern origin; at any rate it is so with the freestone and limestone. The substance of the stone might have formed round the animal after it was enclosed.

With regard to the next difficulty, the existence of these animals for such a length of time—we would say that it is reasonable to infer that the toads which have been found inhumed in the rocks and trees, have continued during this period in that state of torpidity, which is given them by nature to endure the deprivation of food. If this state of torpidity may continue for several years, no bounds can be set to its possible duration, when we consider the longevity of the toad in its natural state; for they have been known to live nearly an hundred years,—and that in a state of torpidity they are subject to no other external accident, to no wear and tear. We may reasonably regard the extreme longevity of these animals, as perfectly conformable to the analogy of nature. We find cases similar and equally remarkable in the vegetable world. Corn has been raised from seed which grew in Herculaneum seventeen centuries ago; and a bulbous root taken from an Egyptian mummy three thousand years old, when placed in the ground has vegetated and produced flowers. It is equally reasonable that this living principle should be preserved in animals as in plants.

The last difficulty is the admission of air and sustenance. All reptiles have such a conformation of the lungs as to require less than a fourth part as much air as other animals. A frog will live six hours in an exhausted receiver, while a warm blooded animal could subsist but a few minutes. Dr Edwards of Paris made a series of experiments, by which he ascertained that blocks of mortar and heaps of sand were sufficiently porous to admit air to support these reptiles for several months; though when completely deprived of air, as when immersed in mercury, they perished. It must be that trees and the stones in which these animals are found, are sufficiently porous to admit a small quantity of air, which is all that is required.

The sustenance of these animals is probably derived from the moisture which they imbibe, as they always are found in moist situations. It has been proved by experiment that the frog and salamander tribes take in their supply of liquid through the skin. It has been found that a toad will absorb nearly its own weight in water and that by merely being placed upon blotting paper well soaked with water. Taking these facts in connection with the instances on record of human beings who have lived for years without any other nutriment than water, it seems to be less miraculous that the life of reptiles should be supported for so long a period without any apparent sustenance.

If the explanations now given of these singular phenomena are not fully satisfactory, they will at least serve to show that these facts are not wholly inconsistent with the course and analogy of nature. J.

In making our selections, we often think of the children who read the Register, and many pieces are inserted for the especial purpose of interesting and instructing them.

We recommend the following to all who are desirous of correcting their faults, and becoming truly good, and truly happy.

THE CHILD'S BEST FRIEND, OR THE WAY TO CURE A FAULT.

'I wonder where John is,' said Mr Morton, as he took his seat at the breakfast table. 'Mary, my dear, run up stairs, and see if he has overslept himself.'

'I am sure father need not *wonder*,' whispered William to Mary, as she rose from her seat. Mary laughed, and left the room; but she soon returned, and said, with a look of astonishment, 'John is not in his room father.'

'Not in his room!' cried William, a bright, lively boy of twelve. 'I fancy this is the first time he ever was out of it at this time in the morning.'

'You know he always gets up to breakfast, William,' said Mary; who generally had an excuse ready for any one who was either blamed or laughed at.

'Never till breakfast is on the table; does he, mother?—but here he comes.'

John walked into the room, looking rather more sober than usual, and was immediately assailed with questions from all quarters.

'Good morning, Mr Early Riser; you are really beginning to deserve your title. What time did you get up this morning?' and William was going on, but he was stopped by a glance from his mother, which he knew very well how to interpret.

As soon as breakfast was over, John took down his satchel, and swinging it over his shoulder, and putting his cap on his head, called to William, to know if he was going to school.

William actually stared at him. 'Holloa, Johnny! what's the matter with you this morning? Yes, I'll go, if it were only to see how astonished the boys will look to see you coming so early, and wide awake, too.'

How far William's expectations were realized, I will not stop to tell you; I will only say, that John was astonished to find how much he enjoyed the play before school, and the hard study in school. To be sure the latter was rather tedious sometimes, and he was often tempted to lay down his book, and resort to cutting his desk with his penknife, or any other of the thousand amusements of idle school-boys. But he did not, and he was more than repaid for his self-denial by the consciousness of having done right; and it seemed to him that the voice of the master, saying, 'You have done very well to-day, master John,' was the pleasantest he ever heard.

After dinner he was about to throw himself upon the sofa according to custom, but he checked himself, and tried to think of something which he could do to help his mother. Just at that moment, his sister Catharine, a pretty little child of four years, asked if she might go out into the garden. Her mother told her that she must not go alone, but she might if she could persuade her brother William to go with her.

'I'll go with Catharine,' said John; and soon they were both in the garden engaged in play. John was certainly unusually active. He ran races with her in the paths, picked flowers for her from the beds, tumbled in the grass, and hid in the summer house, for her amusement; and when they went into the house, with their cheeks glowing with the exercise they had taken, he told his mother that he never knew before how well Catharine could play.

In the evening, he took his books and sat down to his lessons, as soon as the tea things were removed, instead of waiting, as usual, until he was actually commanded to do so by his mother; and, after these were faithfully learned, he enjoyed his play for half an hour much more than usual. It was noticed, that at prayers, he was much more attentive and serious than usual, and that at night his voice joined with the others in singing their evening hymn.

From that day, a gradual but decided improvement took place in his character. Every morning he rose at an early hour, and went into the garden, not to appear again until breakfast time. This excited the curiosity of the family not a little; but his father would ask no questions; and forbade William, who was strongly inclined to follow him for the purpose of finding out his secret, to trouble his brother by his curiosity; and the employment of his morning hours remained a profound secret.

One morning, as Mr Morton was pruning a favorite fruit tree in one corner of the garden, he saw in a little arbour, which was seldom visited by any of the family, his son. He hesitated whether or not he should enter, and while he was deliberating, John looked up and saw him.

'Good morning, John,' said Mr Morton, 'you see I have found out your secret. Do you come here to study or to read?'

'To read, father,' said John; and as he put the book he had been reading into his father's hands, he saw it was *the Bible*.

'I see, my son,' said his father; 'I see now the cause of the improvement, in which your mother and myself have lately rejoiced, rejoiced with trembling, for we knew not that you sought strength to resist temptation from the Giver of all strength.'

'O, father' said John, 'I could never have persevered, had it not been for this morning hour. When I was tempted, it was the thought of the prayers I had offered here, which reminded me to seek aid from God; and I have here learned from this book,' and he took it from his father as he spoke, 'a great deal that I never knew before.'—*Youth's Friend.*

OLD AND NEW BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

JUST received a variety of Sunday School books, many of which were supposed to have been, long since, out of print. They are among the very best that have ever been published under the patronage of the Unitarian denomination. The following are some of them:

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Cottage Evenings
Distinguished Characters
Child's Book on the Sabbath
Savings Bank, and other Stories
The Premium
Bush on Genesis
The Temperance Pledge
Sigourney's Letters

N. B. The following Manuals used in Sunday Schools:

Allen's Questions, in 3 parts—separate
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6tis sept 30

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